

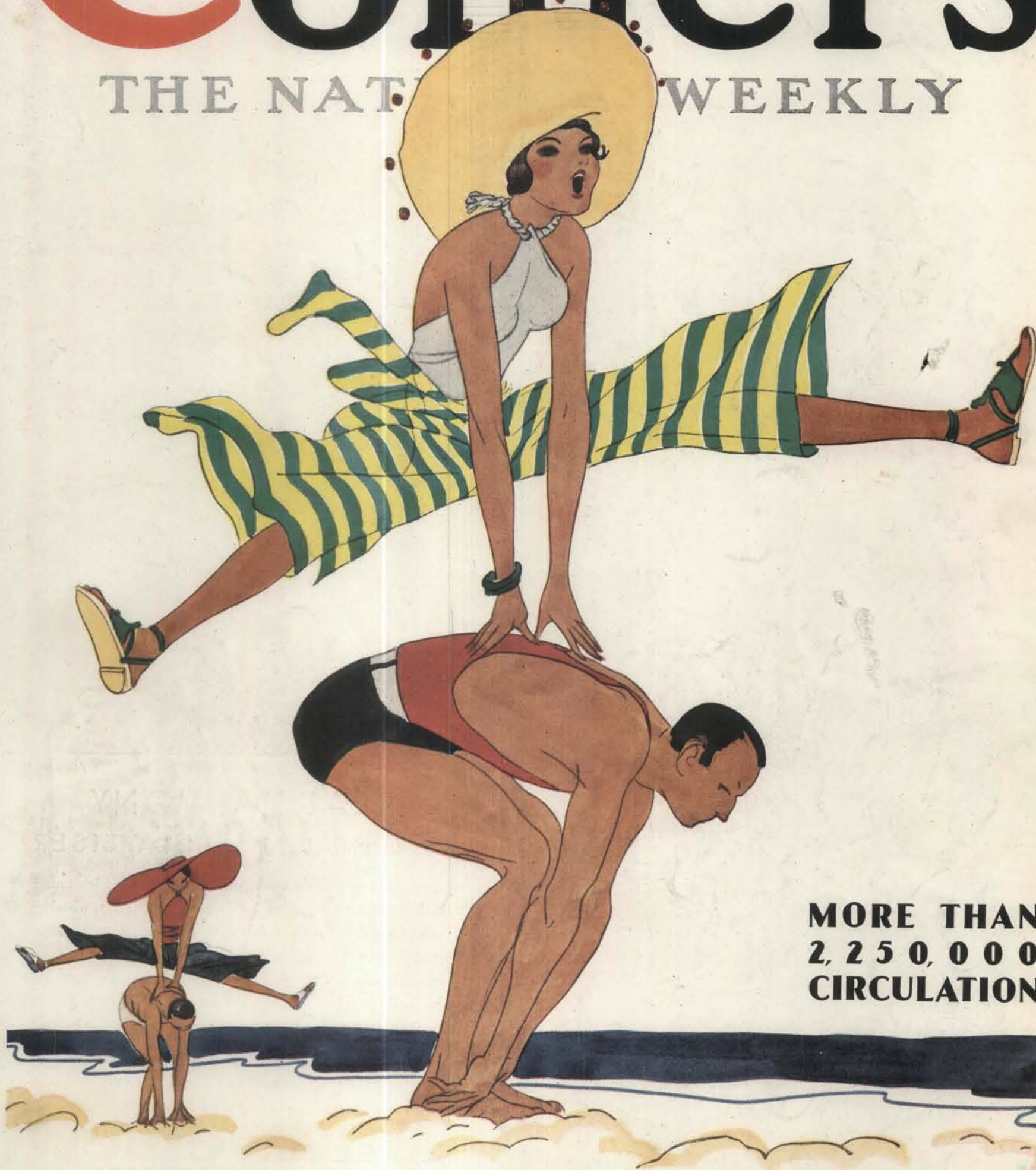
September 1, 1934

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MORE THAN
2,250,000
CIRCULATION

England's Hitler By T. P. ...

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EPT. 1, 1934



REAL HARMONY —a bite to eat and BUDWEISER

There are many times when just a simple sandwich and a bottle of BUDWEISER strike the right note. But, whether it be with a sandwich or a full, course dinner, BUDWEISER stands out by itself from all other beers. You can sense the reason in one sip—quality that is forever uniform and forever unforgettable. That must be why no other brew ever has matched BUDWEISER'S record—the biggest-selling bottled beer in history. Order by the case for your home.

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Budweiser
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What's inside?

Under the husk may lie pure delight, or disappointment. But there is even greater difference in candy bars. » » » We have sincerely tried to make Milky Way not only the most delicious but the cleanest candy in the world. The place where it is made is one of the wonder-spots of industrial America. An expert has called it "the most beautifully efficient plant in existence." And therein only the finest ingredients and the most scrupulous cleanliness are tolerated. No wonder Milky Way leads in sales, everywhere! » » » Under the same fine conditions Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slices, Two Bits, and Thrills.



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

LONG ago Sam the Gonoph came to the conclusion that all life is 6 to 5 against. So any proposition at 3 to 1 is a good proposition.

Now when Sam is in New London hustling duckets for the boat race between the Harvards and the Yales he sees a guy with his hands full of money offering to lay 3 to 1 that the Yales will win. Sam does not know much about boat races, but he does know a "Nice Price" when he hears it. That is how old Sam comes to bet one G on the Harvards and that is why he wishes to help a very nice-looking young doll named Miss Campbell, who has a friend on the Harvards' crew.

Mr. Damon Runyon, who knows what is what, takes you to the races.

WITH the Republican party in the West and Middle West in a state of dignified collapse resembling catalepsy, a new party line-up is emerging west of the Mississippi. Conservatives of both parties are uniting against the vociferous supporters of the New Deal.

Is there a third party? Yes, several of them. All at outs with one another and all using very strong and ruddy language, which grows redder as election time approaches. Walter Davenport in his annual swing around the country reports in detail upon the lively politics of the Northwest.

NORMA DEXTER looked like a Rossetti picture, and after office hours you could usually find her leaning over a bar. Her enemies called her "The Cussed Damozel." Even her cousin Kay admitted that she had no discretion at all. But, as Kay pointed out, she talked only about her own affairs. That was before she began taking Kay's marriage apart. The result is a very modern short story by Elmer Davis.

ONCE there were a couple of Texas cow hands named Rube Williams and Cecil Smith who made quite a name for themselves by their wild riding. "They'd ride through a brick wall," the other cow hands used to say, "if they could find horses as crazy as themselves." One day they delivered a string of ponies on Long Island and started to play a game called polo. That's the point at which polo ceased to be exclusively a rich man's sport. "Polo Goes American" is the title of a brisk article by Quentin Reynolds.

LEONA DALRYMPLE writes an office love story, "Sales Talk." The Short Short Story is by Henri Duvernois. Frank Buck, Freling Foster, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Kathleen Norris and others round out the issue. With a handful of masterpieces.

This Week

September 1, 1934

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EDITORIAL

A Road Map to the Future. Page 50

Any Week

FROM Conway, Arkansas, Harry B. Taber sends a story and adds a moral. An aged farmer, driving a wagon and team across a toll bridge, saw a sign: "Speed limit 12 miles per hour." "Gid-dap, mules!" he shouted, swinging his whip. "We'll make hit er bust!"

How about the limit of 10,460,000 bales of cotton allowed by the Bankhead Act? Mr. Taber wants to know. Are we going to "make hit"?



WILLIAM B. GUTHRIE of Durham, North Carolina, feels that a copy of Owen P. White's "Carolina Moon" should be placed in the hands of every voter in North Carolina. It would promote clear thinking on the liquor problem. And clear thinking on the liquor problem is, in Mr. Guthrie's opinion, what North Carolina needs.

FROM High Point, North Carolina, L. L. Hodge writes to tell us what started the wholesale consumption of corn whisky noted by Mr. White. It seems that for some years the governors of North Carolina have emphasized the slogan—TRADE AT HOME.

ARCHIE D. GIBBS of Norwich, New York, thinks we muffed a quotation in the title of our editorial for July 28th. "As I recall, the accepted version is, 'What is the Constitution between friends?'" Mr. Gibbs will be relieved to know that it was not intended as a quotation. "The Constitution Among Friends" is what we said. That's where it is and where, by all appearances, it's going to stay.

But Mr. Gibbs has more to say. "The trouble with this country," he goes on, "is that the 'forgotten man' has been so well remembered that he has ceased to worry, and Congress has delegated all the jobs of worrying to the President." A pretty kettle of fish, we admit. But what was that song we used to sing about worrying?

PETER EKLUND thinks that our politicians are making things tough for themselves by being too smart. What we need, says he, are simpler and easier issues. "The political party that makes a general holler for the former two-cent post rate is going to make plenty of votes; people understand two cents for sure, much the same as they understood the legal return of beer."

FRANK BUCK comes in for a few well-merited words of praise from I. Silver of Brooklyn, New York. His big game articles are "of great interest, they're full of fascinating amusement which holds you spell-bound in a gentle educational daze, until you seem to meet the animals face to face." It seems only fair to warn Mr. Silver that a gentle educational daze is not the right state of mind in which to meet even the smallest of Frank Buck's protégés face to face.

IN NO uncertain terms Stanley F. Hincelot of Mountain View, California, assails us for disturbing the serenity of his home. That put us into something of a dither until we got to the bottom of the matter. Mr. Hincelot, it seems, wrote us a letter, part of which found its way into this column and thence to the eyes of Mrs. Hincelot. "How would you like," inquires Mr. Hincelot, "to have your wife, if any, start asking who you thought you were; how you rated being a national figure, etc., etc.?" We see his point. It's all right, though, because his predictions turned out to be accurate. But we can't go into that here. It wouldn't be fair to the Hincelot family.

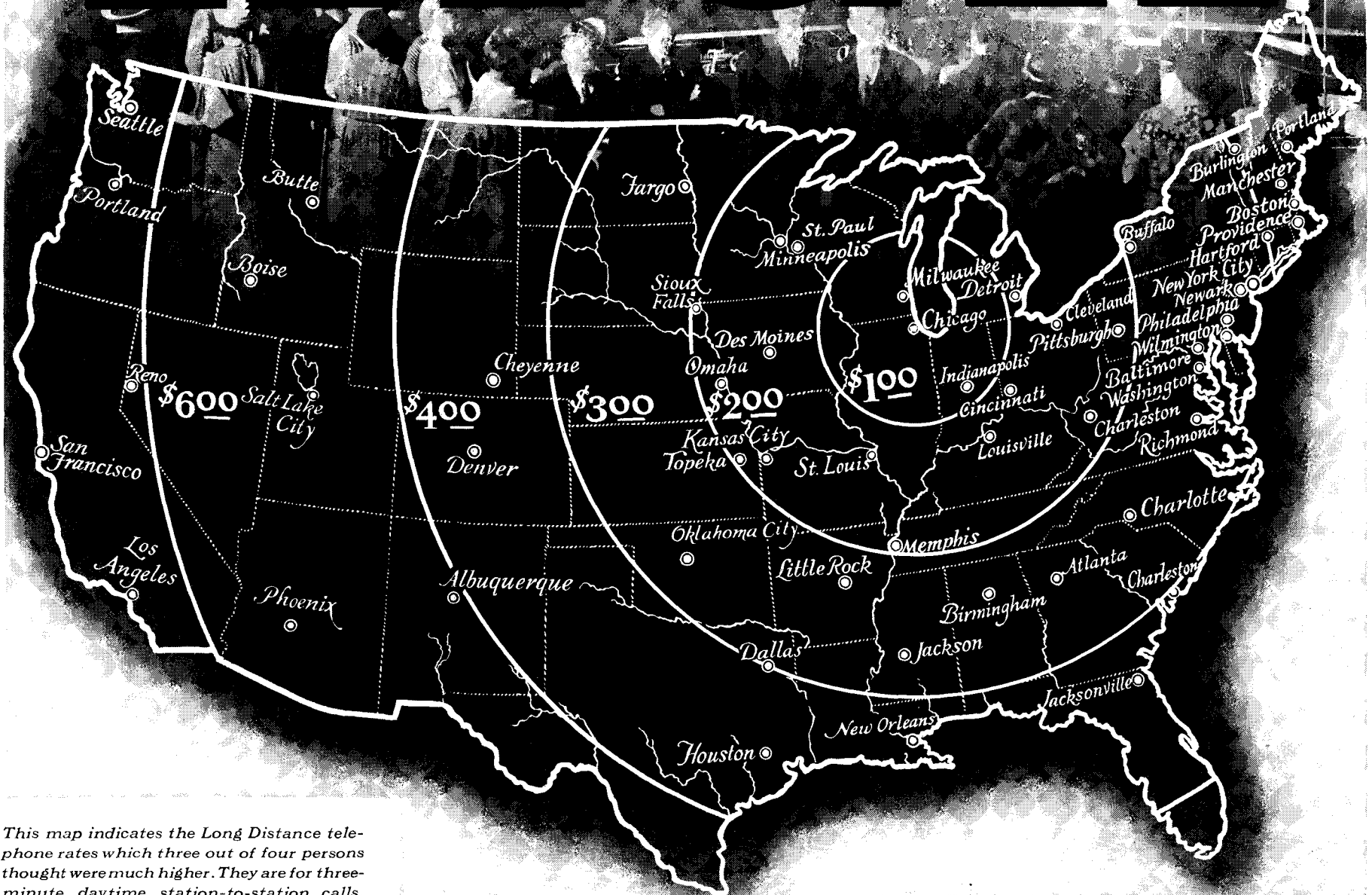


V. W. SUMMERS of Washington, D. C., is a little apologetic because, being quite young, he has only bought Collier's for about ten years. He ventures to point out that the illustration of Agatha Christie's story "In a Glass Darkly" does not fully explain what the hero of the story saw. Since what he saw was an event some years in the future, we think Mr. Summers makes unreasonable demands upon our artist. Has he ever tried to draw a picture of the instantaneous passage of time?

AND while we're on the subject of time we ought to mention a soothing thought contributed by John Jacobsen of Spokane, Washington. He thinks we're in an unreasonable rush to cancel or reduce the debts owed to us. Maybe our creditors can't pay now. But there's no hurry. "Latest scientific news," Mr. Jacobsen assures us, "states that the earth will keep spinning along for at least 41,000 years more." Thus giving Europe time to turn round.

WELL, keep the ball rolling.

76% GUESSED HIGH



AT THE Century of Progress Exposition last year, more than 25,000 persons made Long Distance telephone calls from the Bell System exhibit to various cities throughout the United States.

Many of the people did not know what the calls really cost. Three-fourths guessed that the rates were higher than they actually are. One-third thought them to be double or more. Almost all were amazed at the low cost of Long Distance calls.

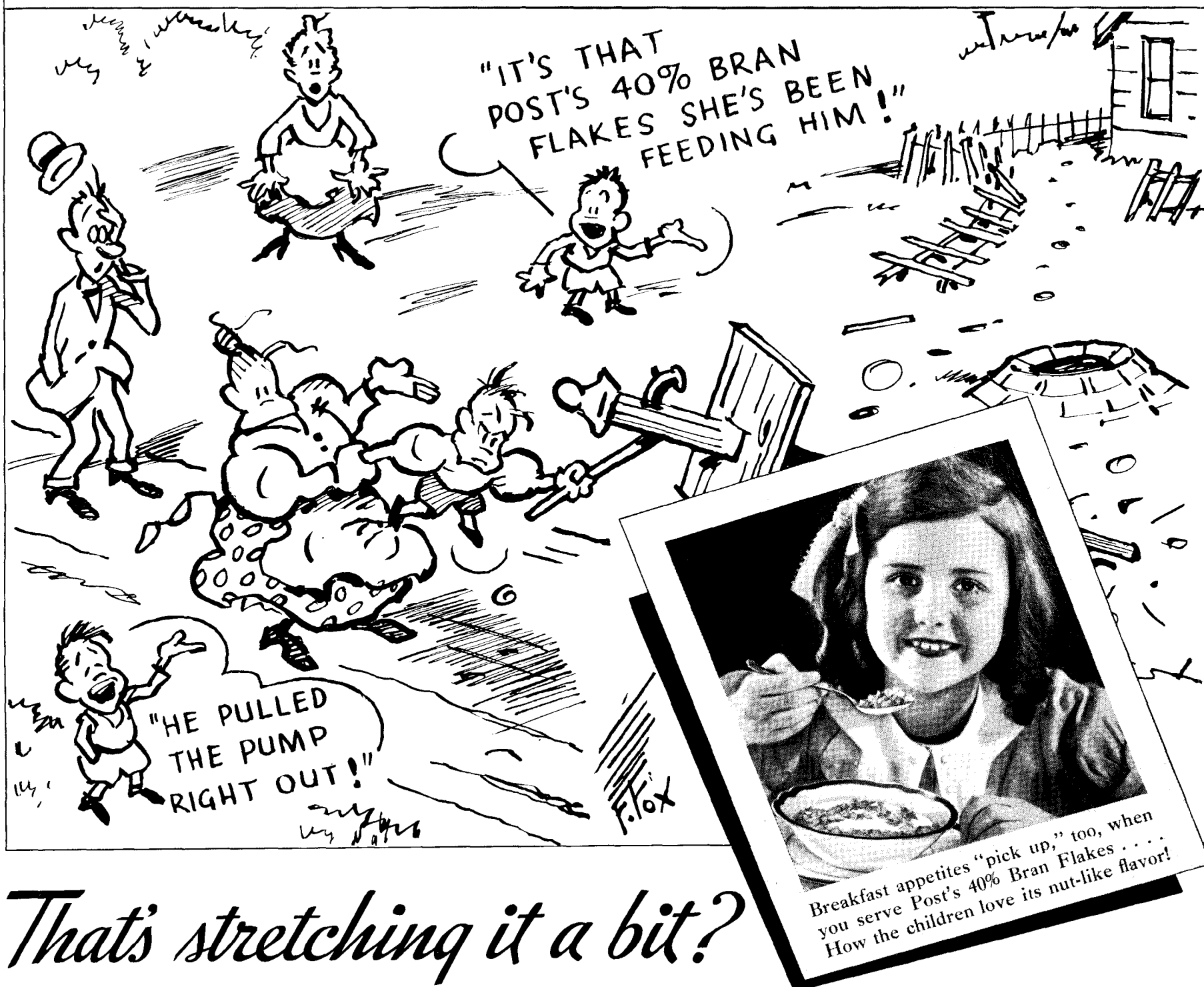
You, too, may be pleasantly surprised at the low cost of telephone calls to other cities. You will find

many of the rates in your own telephone directory and the Long Distance operator will gladly furnish any others. From both your office and home, "Long Distance" is one of the most useful services at your command.

Business men who know the telephone best say it is the ideal way to handle much of their out-of-town business. And there's genuine pleasure in having frequent *telephone visits* with relatives and friends in other cities . . . especially at night, when calling costs even less than during the day-time. At 7 P.M. each night most station-to-station rates are reduced about 15%, and at 8:30 P.M. about 40%.



ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE POWERFUL KATRINKA'S LITTLE BROTHER GETS COMPLETELY OUT OF HAND!



That's stretching it a bit?

Well, as a matter of fact
 . . . we really think so, too!



TO TELL THE TRUTH, we'd be rather amazed ourselves to find our Post's 40% Bran Flakes the source of such prodigious strength!

We do think, though, that it might pay you to try this delicious cereal . . . particularly if you're feeling a little bit "draggy" . . . and not quite up to a *real* day's work.

For such a condition often comes just from a sluggish intestine . . . due to lack of bulk in the diet. And Post's 40% Bran Flakes contains bran to supply that bulk . . . bulk you must have to help keep food

wastes moving, naturally and easily, along the intestinal tract . . . and to help keep you fit and regular.

It also contains other parts of wheat, to give it that appetizing flavor.

So take our suggestion, and try it awhile, as your breakfast cereal. We'll wager almost anything that you'll love its flavor . . . and it may make a world of difference in the way the world looks to *you*!

Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat is a product of General Foods. You'll find it at every grocer's! © 1934, G. F. Corp.

Alias Senator Blaney

THE night old Senator Rostron died, Sam Blaney and I were feeling great. We were in a cut-throat bridge game at a quarter of a cent a point, playing against Casey of the Star and Phil Muthuen, the governor's secretary. They were our fish; we had hooked them with a little slam doubled vulnerable and we were holding all the tickets. It was one of those nights.

I remember that moment there in the Speaker's private office, just before our leased wire messenger came with the flash on Senator Rostron. We had picked the Speaker's private office because it had a direct phone to the governor. Phil Muthuen was expecting a call. But that isn't why the moment was vivid. I remember it because Sam looked so happy.

He was slouching in the middle of his baggy tweed suit; his pipe stuck out of his vest pocket; a cigarette hung at the right corner of his grinning mouth. He was comfortable and happy. He was thirty-seven years old and didn't look thirty. I recall that I eyed him across the lamplit desk and chuckled for no reason at all. When Sam was happy he was happy all over. His frizzly brown hair, with its habitually crooked part, neither side nor middle; his wide, boyish face, which crinkled into a dozen seams when he smiled; his shoulders and hands—all expressed the care-free joy that was his.

"Going to town, Freddy," he said, "I

How many men—young, brilliant, in love with a beautiful, ambitious girl—would hesitate to go to Washington as a senator? As Sam Blaney would tell you, if he'd talk about it: It all depends

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

got a power house for you." And he laid down two aces and five spades to the king; or, rather, he tossed them down, his hand doing a little dance. And he rolled a smoke ring toward me to punctuate and emphasize his glee.

"What is this—a massacre?" Casey groaned.

"Glad I didn't double," said Muthuen.

SAM leaned back and laughed. His square-set eyes, topped by oddly arched, devilish brows, looked over Casey's shoulder and through a window at the flood-lighted left wing of the new capitol building. His eyes warmed with a quick, sentimental pride. He had beat the big drum for the capitol; he had watched two administrations with zealot alertness to keep graft away from its mortar and marble; it was more his monument than any other man's.

Why shouldn't he be happy, I reflected, almost making the wrong lead in my absorption. He was the best political reporter in the state. The Post paid him a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. He had a certain homespun, shaggy quality which made him thoroughly at home among politicians. He liked it all—legislative wrangles, the sweat and hurly-burly of state politics, the cigar smoke and gabble of small-town hotel lobbies. He had no ambition beyond it.

I was his assistant and understudy, but I did not have Sam Blaney's contentment. The newspaper-man's conventional yearning bedeviled me—I wanted to be a Washington correspondent, or a foreign correspondent or a short-story writer or a playwright;

anything vague and delightful in prospect. Not state politics. . . .

"You going to bed with that ace of diamonds, Freddy?"

"Oh, sorry—" I said.

"No talking across the board," said Casey.

Then our messenger came in with a telegram from the office, stating that United States Senator Rostron had dropped dead in Washington. Sam was to file a fifteen-hundred-word appraisal on the senator's career, while I was to round up the usual expressions of sympathy from political figures in the capital.



"Hey now," Sam said mildly, "I have a deadline to make, Hester. Gimme that paper." She held it closer

"The old boy might at least have waited until we finished the rubber," I said, with the callow callousness of twenty-six.

Sam's face sobered into dignity.

"A pretty straight shooter—Jake," he said. "I'm sorry. His kid was going to make her debut next week."

Casey pushed back his chair.

"Let's settle later," he said, "my office will be calling all over town." He paused a moment to ask Sam: "You going to say anything about the Whitlow case?"

Sam shook his head.

"We all got a right to commit one crime and make two political blunders, Ned."

CASEY nodded and left the room. Muthuen was on the telephone talking to the governor. Sam and I started for the door, but Muthuen held up his hand and said: "Hey—wait—yes, Governor, he's with me—right here—" then to Sam: "The governor wants to see you right away."

"Freddy will get his statement. He'll be right over."

Muthuen reported that and after a few moments held out the receiver to Sam.

"Listen, Pat," Sam said, "I'm in an awful hurry. I got to catch the second mail. . . . But what about? . . . You're going to appoint Herridge, aren't you? . . . What? . . . But why all the mystery? . . . This is a private wire. . . . Oh . . . *Hunk*? . . . Okay, I'll be right over."

Sam turned to me.

"There's a big row on already . . . over the appointment to fill Jake's unexpired term. Send the office a story mentioning Herridge, Jim Taney, Lawrence Shea and Obey Weiler as possibilities. You know the background. Get the yarn off before you bother with the funeral bouquets. I'll be at the office in a jiffy—"

He started out the door. Muthuen ran after him with his hat and overcoat and tobacco pouch.

I hot-footed it to our bureau office. I was elated that Sam had given me the appointment story to write. It meant a by-line on page one. I guessed from Sam's willingness to go to the executive mansion, when he had the second mail to make, that Governor Denyvan was in a quandary. Senator Rostron's term had about a year and two months to run. Sam had told me confidentially that his friend, Pat, the governor, was planning to run for the Senate himself. It had been on the slate that Rostron would retire and throw his support to the governor.

THE old senator's sudden death while Governor Denyvan still had his own term to serve out had put him in a spot. Obviously, the move would be to appoint some mere figurehead senator; some wealthy supporter of the governor's who would accept it as a great honor and step aside when Denyvan was ready to run for the full term. All the men Sam had mentioned were in this category. But evidently the clamor was so great among them that Governor Denyvan could not decide on the appointment.

I was trying to make the situation clear for readers of the Post—walking the tight-rope and stalling so as not to predict the winner—when Sam came back from the governor's mansion. He stood looking at my copy for a minute, then he said: "Hold it. I got something to tell you, Freddy."

I looked around at him and my eyes widened. He was sweating and chewing at the stem of a cold pipe. All his happiness had vanished.

"What's wrong, Sam?" I gasped.

Sam managed a nervous grin.

"Freddy, Pat wants to appoint me

senator! Is that a laugh or isn't it?"

"You? Say-y-y—why . . . uh . . . congratulations, Chief!"

Sam scowled.

"All right, all right, put me on. But not a word of this to the office or anyone else. Get me?"

"Of course," I stammered, "but—but—you mean you aren't going to take it?"

He snorted.

"Me? A United States senator? Don't be such a—well, thanks for the compliment, anyway." He turned and took up a sheaf of copy paper, set a sheet in his typewriter with a vicious twirl of the platen, and began poking at the keyboard with two fingers.

"Shall I go on with this?" I asked.

"Yep. Turn on a little irony—with Pat behind the eight ball. But not too much irony—just a gentle kidding. Jim Taney flew over from K. C. to press his claim. Obey Weiler long-distanced and Shea is driving from St. Louis. The wires are hot. Poor old Jake. He isn't cold yet and they're scrambling for his job."

But I was too much excited to think right away. Sam pecked at his typewriter steadily; hat cocked back; his brown face sober. Far away in Washington a senator was dead—an old man Sam knew as Jake—and he was writing the best and truest words that would be written of Jake Rostron's political career.

Sam frowned, bit at his tongue like a schoolboy, took a pencil and crossed out half a sentence. He wrote the dirtiest copy I ever saw; but the fairest and kindest and most accurate. . . .

"Sam?"

"Yep?"

"Did you tell the governor you wouldn't take the appointment?"

"Yep."

"What did he say?"

"He still thinks I'm going to be Steve. I ain't."

"Why would you be Steve?"

SAM crossed out another half a line, drew a wide mark down the page, wrote in a couple of parentheses and handed a smeary sheet to John, our copy boy.

"Taney and Herridge are the main contenders," Sam said. "Pat can't appoint either of 'em without splitting the party. And all the others are tied up with one side or the other. Weiler is the only possible compromise, but Pat doesn't trust him. Obey is too ambitious," Sam sighed. "Poor Pat. It's hell to be a governor who wants to run for the Senate."

He went on with his writing.

"Sam," I said, "I thought Denyvan was a friend of yours."

"Yep, he is. How do you spell 'sincerity'? And how do you like this lead:

'Jacob Rostron was a politician who made good enemies, and by them he should be judged'? That sound all right? And read this paragraph. Is it too mushy? Jake was a friend of mine, but I don't want to slop over."

I said: "That's good stuff, Chief. Do you think the Senate would confirm you if you took it?"

"Shut up and write that story," Sam said. "You got twenty-two minutes to catch the second mail."

Just then, a big roadster rounded the corner of Capitol Square and slid up in front of the Commercial Hotel across the street. I knew the car and the fur coat. It was Hester Corcoran. She and Sam were supposed to be engaged; they had been supposed to be engaged ever since I broke in as a cub on the Post. That was seven years back. Hester was the daughter of a Supreme Court judge.

She came straight across the street. Sam had returned to his story and was shooting copy at John in short takes.

"Oh, Sam! I just heard the news!" Hester said, rushing in. "Mary Denyvan phoned me."

"Copy," Sam said. He looked up, said, "You ought to be in bed," and went on writing.

Hester was a girl who should have gone on the stage. She had the looks, the force and the ambition. We who





were Sam's friends resented her. Newspaper gossip—the most searching and intimate to be encountered anywhere—had it that Sam had been waiting to marry Hester for ten years or so. But she kept hounding Sam for his lack of ambition and refusing to marry him until he had achieved some goal of her choosing. Sam never complained and never varied in his attitude toward her. He was patient and faithful.

TONIGHT Hester was particularly dramatic and domineering. I saw the light in her eyes when she came in and I felt very sorry for Sam.

"Sam," she said, reaching over and jerking the paper out of his typewriter, "you're not going to act like this! You're not!"

"Hey now," Sam said mildly, "I have a deadline to make, Hester. Gimme that paper."

She held it closer.

"Not until you tell me with your own lips that you'll accept the appointment. Oh, Sam, think of it! The Senate! Washington! Senator Samuel Blaney!"

Sam reddened with a burning shame and embarrassment.

"Please, Hester. That's out. It's ridiculous. I got a story to write—fifteen hundred words—column and a half . . . maybe three quarters—"

"Why is it out? Why is it ridiculous?"

Sam stood up and lifted his typewriter. He put it under his arm.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Hester. I got to write a story."

She barred the way.

"You're going to accept. I've told Mr. Larkin you would!"

"You did what? Oh, for cripes' sake!" He set down the typewriter and grabbed a phone. He asked to speak to Pete Larkin's room. Pete was the Globe man.

"Don't you dare deny it, Sam Blaney," said Hester. "He won't believe you anyway."

Sam picked up the whisky bottle. "A full quart of imported stuff. From Slats!" "Senators rate it," I said

"That you, Pete? This is Sam Blaney. Listen, Pete . . . you disregard everything Miss Corcoran or anyone else told you. No . . . I haven't been offered the appointment. . . . It's just a gag. . . . Don't you use my name, now. . . . Huh? . . . No. . . . No. . . . Oh, you have? . . . Listen, Pete, you a friend of mine? All right—prove it. Send a kill on that. Promise? Thanks, Pete."

Sam was very sore. He slammed down the phone, yanked the typewriter under his arm and stalked out. Hester followed him to the door, saying: "You won't. You *can't*. It's your big chance, Sam. Can't you see that? United States senator! Oh, Sam, if you don't tell Governor Denyvan you'll take it, I'll—"

She came back to me.

"Fred, you and the rest of Sam's friends have got to help me. This is the turning point in his whole career. You see that, don't you?"

Her eyes were tearful. She was a very handsome young woman. Despite my resentment of her attitude toward Sam, which I had always considered rather cold-blooded, I was inclined to sympathize with her. I was young and I was ambitious. I remembered that Hester had spent most of her life in our pokey, country-townish capital city. I knew what it would mean to her if Sam became Senator Blaney, even for a year and two months.

"It does seem like a big opportunity," I admitted.

"Sam thinks I want him to stay in politics. That isn't it at all. But if he goes to Washington it will give him an opening. The paper would make him Washington correspondent, afterward. He *should* be on the Washington staff.

You know he should. I pleaded with Sam to ask for it when the paper sent Lister. Sam knows twice as much about politics as Lister."

I had to agree with that, too. But Lister had won the reputation of brilliance as a writer by bitter and sarcastic stories. He got the Washington assignment over Sam, who knew men too well to slay them with epigrams.

"I don't think Sam believes Governor Denyvan is in earnest," I stalled. "And maybe Sam is afraid the Senate wouldn't seat him."

HESTER'S dark eyes were much too knowing. I sensed that all this had not come as the surprise she pretended to Sam.

"Pat Denyvan worships Sam," she said. "Sam has taught him all the political savvy he knows. Sam saved him from the Whitlow case when Pat was attorney-general. Of course he'll stand by the appointment. And as for the Senate—what grounds would they have for refusing Sam a seat?"

I didn't know. I was obliged to concede that, barring a startled public reaction to the appointment of a thirty-seven-year-old state political reporter to the Senate, there would be no serious kick-back.

Hester glanced around our ratty little office.

"I've got to get Sam away from here," she said. "He's almost buried here. And he's—he's a *big* man, Fred."

Her emotional sincerity won me over completely. I was sheepishly penitent for all the harsh things I had thought of her.

"I'll talk my darnedest to persuade Sam," I heard myself promising.

Hester held out her hand and we shook on it. She left, saying: "I have my father's promise to talk to him, too. Sam must accept. He owes it to himself."

It was early morning before I finished all the stuff I had to file. I went up to Sam's room to see if he had anything else for me to do before I turned in.

Sam was still writing. He had dragged a table close to the bed and was seated on the bed in sweating discomfort. The spread was littered with notes, clippings, pipe crumbs, a pail of black coffee, half an apple pie and an unopened bottle of whisky. I noticed a number of telegrams on the table, around Sam's clacking typewriter.

A middle-aged man got up as I entered. I recognized him as Heber Slattery, chief lobbyist for the public utilities interests, and nodded.

"What do you think of our new senator?" Slattery said.

I looked at Sam.

"Oh—you changed your mind?"

"Nope," Sam said, weary and grim. "Slats is just spilling over that public utility bushwah of his."

Slattery grinned, unconvinced. His ample vest was heavily laden with fraternal emblems.

"Smart men don't turn down chances to be United States senator, Sam. And you're plenty smart. Think it over." He kidded profanely with Sam for a bit, then announced he was off to bed.

Sam picked up the whisky bottle.

"A full quart of imported stuff. From Slats!"

"Senators rate it," I said.

SAM was very thoughtful. He poked a dirty thumb at the telegrams.

"Something's screwy. Here's Jim Turner wiring me congrats—after that ribbing I gave him in the State Life swindle. And old Cap Briggs. And Mort Haley. How did they find out so fast?"

"The governor's bringing pressure to bear," I suggested.

Sam scowled, his oddly peaked brows

giving a Mephistophelean cast to his face.

"Pat wouldn't do this to me," he said almost plaintively. "Pat's a buddy of mine. I can't figure this, Freddy. Something's screwy." Then, with a shift to the gentle, countryman dignity with which he always spoke of Hester Corcoran, he inquired: "Did Hester take it all right? I mean . . . uh . . . me walking out that way?"

I nodded.

"Sure. She and I talked a while and then she went home."

"Wasn't peeved, hunh?"

"Oh, no. She seems pretty sure you're going to be Senator Blaney."

Sam blushed and gulped some coffee.

"She's . . . uh . . . she's a wonderful girl, Freddy." He glared, daring me to smile. "Too darned good for me. Always will be. She ought to . . . uh . . . hell . . . listen, Freddy, you know what she wanted me to do once? Write *fiction*! Yep. Then she wanted me to write a play." He ripped the last "take" out of his typewriter. "I wrote half of one act. Punk. Listen, Freddy, what's so wrong about being just a newspaper-man?"

"Nothing," I said, "only—she loves you, Sam, and she's ambitious for you. She thinks you ought to be in Washington. So do I! You've got it all over half the prima donnas headlining out of Washington."

SAM got up, stretched, and filled his pipe. "Turn in, kid," he said. "I saw your appointment story on the hook. Good stuff. Turn in. We got a hard day tomorrow."

And what a day it turned out to be. In the first place, Pete Larkin either didn't try or couldn't kill his story that Sam had been offered the senatorship. The afternoon paper carried a statement from Governor Denyvan confirming the fact and intimating that Sam had taken the offer under advisement. Sam was the talk of the town by the time I rolled out at ten-thirty to cover a tax debate in the House. He had left me a note saying: "Pick up Senate and departments. I will cover Public Service Commission hearing."

On the spike of our leased wire I saw a message from Cy Clyde, our telegraph editor, reading:

WILL SENATOR BLANEY CONDESCEND TO MAKE BRIEF SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE IN TIME FOR THE FRISCO STOP CONGRATULATIONS SAM AND HERE'S HOW CY

I ran into Sam at noon in the lobby of the Capital Hotel. He was surrounded by state senators and representatives and political hangers-on. He hadn't shaved and looked haggard and miserable.

"Haven't accepted the appointment, Bill," I heard him protesting hoarsely. "Don't know a thing. Can't tell you a thing. Hullo, Judge. Thanks, but I—what is it, Charley? Oh . . . but I'm *not* senator . . . I'm *not* handling any PWA matters. . . ."

Pretending great urgency, I dragged the poor fellow away. Sam was dazed, disgusted and dejected.

"Look at this, Freddy. From the Big Chief himself, in person. He's sore at General Johnson over that freedom-of-the-press thing. Wants me to make a speech blistering the NRA. Yep. From the Big Chief. Last time I heard from him was in '31. Gave me hell for missing that prohibition graft story. Now look. . . . 'Dear Sam,' he says. 'We are all proud of you.' Judas H. Priest!"

I said: "Everyone is taking for granted you'll accept. Cy wants a statement in time for the Frisco."

I was abashed by the change in Sam.

(Continued on page 32)

England's Hitler

NOW!" said my guide, a young Englishman in black shirt and black trousers, the uniform of British Fascism. Together we moved across the dance floor—the occasion was London's big Blackshirt ball—and edged slowly through a thick cluster of young girls. They were all waving programs and pencils, and eagerly demanding the autograph of a tall, handsome young aristocrat, with aquiline nose and deep-set eyes, standing in their midst, almost smothered by their eagerness—Sir Oswald Mosley, commander-in-chief of the British Union of Fascists, the man who wants to be Britain's Mussolini-plus-Hitler.

The most talked-about celebrity in the British Isles was in his glory. None but enthusiastic admirers had come to the ball, of which he was the principal ornament—devoted scores of followers, in somber Fascist garb, were grouped around him like a bodyguard, or were craning their necks, in other parts of the room, for just a glimpse of him; and adoring young ladies, some likewise in Fascist uniform, stood on tiptoe, devouring him with their glances.

But I knew well that his campaign was bringing him nights of quite another sort; nights like the one at Olympia, London's biggest public hall, shortly before my arrival, when he had faced an enormous audience, seething with hostility; when Communist hecklers, bent on howling down his speech, had been manhandled by angry Blackshirts with a brutal Hitlerian roughness with which horrified England was still ringing. And I knew that a night expected to rival Olympia awaited on the morrow, when he was scheduled to speak in Sheffield, England's grim City of Steel.

"Come along!" my guide called out. Elbowing our way through the last cluster of blond and brunet autograph-hunters, we at last emerged squarely in front of Sir Oswald.

"This gentleman," my guide announced to him, motioning in my direction, "has traveled all the way from America to write about you."

"I shall be at your meeting in Sheffield," I told Sir Oswald, as we shook hands.

"Better look out!" he smiled. "They make razors in Sheffield. You might get cut up."

And then a pretty blonde, program in hand, pencil upraised, dashed between us.

The next moment, the Blackshirt leader, stepping onto the platform where the orchestra had been playing dance music, plunged into the speech of the evening. It bristled with denunciations of the "old gang" of British politicians, doomed, according to him, to oblivion. He ended in a crash of cheers, while hundreds of arms shot upward in the Fascist salute, while hundreds of lusty youths joined in spelling out, at the top of their lungs, the leader's name—like American collegians acclaiming a football hero. "M-o-s-l-e-y!" they roared, "MOSLEY! I!"

Mosley in Action

The next night I sat in a huge hall in Sheffield. Three thousand people were crowded into it. Outside, a big multitude, restrained by police on foot and horseback, groaned in hostility and derision, while Communists paraded under banners labeled, "Down with Mosley and his thugs!"

Blackshirts in hundreds applauded their leader as he appeared suddenly at

A dictator for England? "Preposterous!" says the conservative Englishman. But Sir Oswald Mosley, backed by a fortune that came from Chicago, goes boisterously on his way. Will he succeed? Mr. Ybarra knew Mussolini before the days of Fascism. At Collier's behest he interviewed Hitler when Hitler was only the ambitious tenant of the Brown House in Munich. Now he appraises their disciple, Oswald the Blackshirt

By T. R. Ybarra

the speaker's desk—alone, a dramatic figure, raven-haired and defiant, clad from head to foot in black, without a single ornament except the fasces on the buckle of his belt.

He spoke evenly, with force and directness. The British Fascist chief lacks the fire of Mussolini and the mystic hypnotic quality of Hitler. But he is persuasive and effective. He scorns cheap oratorical tricks, uses gestures sparingly. From his lips come flashes of wit, stabs of repartee.

And he can be brutal.

An angry youth, leaping to his feet, shouted that he had been beaten half to death by Blackshirts at Olympia, and that, when friends had appealed to the police, not a policeman had lifted a finger to help him.

"You have told lies about us and you are telling lies about the police!" cried the Fascist leader, his eyes ablaze—while, from the audience, came shouts of applause and howls of fury. Sir Oswald, worked up now, for the first time that evening, to real excitement, thundered: "The stories of Blackshirts kicking men in the face and stomach are the foulest lies ever uttered on a political platform."

"Liar!" cried an anti-Fascist. "A deliberate lie!" shouted another. All over the hall men were on their feet, shaking their fists in the orator's face.

His followers stationed among the audience beckoned to policemen, who

came down the aisles, laid hold of several disturbers and threw them out. One, a woman, gave a grand display of swearing, kicking and struggling.

It was noticeable that none of the Blackshirts themselves so much as touched a heckler. Olympia had taught them a lesson; England, they had learned, is not ripe yet for the real thing in Hitlerite tactics.

"The police, not we, are responsible for keeping order in this hall," Sir Oswald shouted from the platform. And, as each interrupter was ejected, he stood, silent and scowling, with arms folded.

Savior or Madman?

After the meeting, when I sought him behind the scenes, the light of battle was still in his eyes. Delighted Blackshirts were crowding around him with congratulations. Friends from the neighborhood were excitedly shaking his hand. And local newspaper-men were firing questions at him.

First, he praised the police, as if to emphasize the fact that he and his Fascists were not inclined—for the time being, anyhow—to take the law into their own hands, as they had done at Olympia.

"The way in which the Sheffield police did their work was admirable," he said, "and I approve their admission to the meeting." (At Olympia, they had stayed outside, while Fascists and Com-

munist battled with one another.) Then, alluding to the heckling, he continued:

"I like a little opposition. It adds the proper spice of excitement to a meeting. And it maintains the interest."

"Sir Oswald," said I, "wherever I go in England people tell me that Fascism can never succeed in Britain. What have you got to say to that?"

There was a flash from the deep-set eyes.

"My answer is that Fascism has succeeded among the people of this country," he retorted. "In a space of twenty months, British Fascism has progressed more than the Fascism of any other country—more than the Fascism of Italy, more than that of Germany. We are going forward steadily. I notice progress every day."

"Fascism here, as in other countries, is a movement of youth. Youth wants color in its life. Youth wants its romance. That is why Fascism appeals to young people here."

"Would it be a good thing for the United States?" I inquired.

"Certainly it would. And you almost have it now. You are in the stage next to it. One more stage, and—America will have it!"

He moved away, into the middle of a group of his black-shirted lieutenants, to plan further moves in the British Fascist campaign. And I was left asking myself the questions which thousands of Britons nowadays ask themselves.

Leader or lunatic? Genius or joke? Here is a man whom some of his fellow-countrymen hail as Britain's coming savior, while others—multitudes of others—froth at the mouth whenever they hear his name and denounce him, in language borrowed from America's gangsters, as Public Enemy Number One.

Here is a man, wearing a black shirt like Mussolini and a black mustache like Hitler, who dashes all over sedate Britain, luridly damning the present government, confidently announcing that he and the hard-boiled private



KEYSTONE



Left: Lady Cynthia Mosley, whose bequest to Sir Oswald Mosley financed British Fascism. Right: A disorder in which Sir Oswald, at the left, was rescued by the police

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Sir Oswald Mosley addressing a meeting of the British Fascists at Albert Hall, London

army under his command will soon remake the House of Commons, scrap the House of Lords, and reshape Britain into a Fascist Paradise.

Messiah or madman? Most Britons just laugh.

Evolution of a Blackshirt

"That sort of thing," they tell you, "will never go down in this country. Too un-British." Others, though, are getting a bit uneasy. Prominent members of the government attack or ridicule Sir Oswald at public meetings (no less than six of them did it while I was in London). And the British man in the street, reading of Fascist rough stuff such as was pulled at Olympia, growls: "We don't want no 'elp 'ere from Fascists to keep law and order!" But his neighbor, reading the same thing, murmurs: "A bit thick, I call it, if a Fascist cawn't make a speech without being 'owled down by Communists!"

For years Sir Oswald Mosley has been a wild man of British politics, an out-and-out radical, in spite of his title of baronet. For years he has been playing extravagant pranks, to the disgust

of conservative Britons, convinced that baronets "simply can't do that sort of thing, you know."

Like his models, Mussolini and Hitler, he made a good record in the World War. He served, as an officer, both in the British cavalry and in the British aviation corps, and still walks with a slight limp, from war-time injuries.

He is still young—37, to be exact. He is not only good-looking and an aristocrat, but also rich. He began his political career as a Conservative. But, becoming disgusted with his colleagues, he dramatically "crossed the floor" of the House of Commons—that is, went from the Government benches to those of the Opposition—and blossomed out as an enthusiastic Laborite. So pronounced was his newborn enthusiasm that he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in the Labor Government a few years ago.

Soon, however, he developed strong disapproval of his Labor co-workers. In his Sheffield speech, he told the big audience that he got tired of working with Labor leaders interested only in drawing fat salaries and betraying those who had put them in power!

So he seceded from the Labor party

to become leader of the British Fascists and generalissimo of the British Black-shirt army.

He and his followers are committed to the annihilation of Communists, Socialists, Liberals, Conservatives, Laborites and everyone else who doesn't believe in wearing a black shirt and saluting with upraised arm, in Mussolini-Hitler fashion.

Incidentally, a word here about the Fascist salute as introduced into Britain by Oswald the Blackshirt. In Italy, under Mussolini, the Fascists stick their right arms straight out before them, with true Latin abandon. In Germany, under Hitler, the Brownshirts stretch their right arms upward, without getting them forward very far—for they conserve part of their energy, you see, for clicking their heels together. But in England Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascists use a Mussolini-via-Hitler salute which has been reduced to a half-hearted elevation of the right forearm, in the course of which the hand never strays more than a few inches away from the shoulder.

In Italy it wouldn't be classed as a gesture at all. In Germany it might pass as a gesture in its infancy. But among Englishmen, who hate gestures, it seems positively melodramatic. Not even Sir Oswald, daring revolutionist though he is, would dream of demanding from his fellow countrymen devotion to a cause which expected them to gesticulate!

How Strong Are They?

Early this year Sir Oswald staged a Blackshirt meeting big enough to fill London's great Albert Hall, which seats 10,000 people. He followed this meeting, in a few weeks, by that other one—now so famous—at Olympia, which has a seating capacity of 15,000.

Ever since the battle of Olympia, in which Fascists and Communists smashed one another's jaws and broke one another's noses with immense enthusiasm, there has been agitation in England for the curbing of the Mosleyites. Some of their foes demand that they be forbidden to parade in their semi-military uniforms; others insist on their complete suppression.

The British Fascist leader refuses to disclose how many Blackshirts are under his command. "It would be bad

strategy," he says. "What general wants to let the enemy know his strength?" At Sheffield, while he was thundering against "alien enemies" in Britain's midst, a man in the audience suddenly asked:

"How many registered Fascists are there in this country?"

"We Fascists are not aliens," Sir Oswald retorted instantly, "so we don't have to register with the police!"

His private army—those actually wearing the black shirts and black trousers of British Fascism—probably totaled somewhat over 20,000 this summer. The highest estimate I heard of the grand total of his adherents, in and out of uniform, was 500,000. This is doubtless an exaggeration.

A Self-Contained Empire

He wants a legislature composed of experts instead of the present House of Commons, which, as he sees it, is a crowd of ignorant laymen dealing stupidly with a lot of highly technical matters. He would not tamper with the monarchy—Sir Oswald professes devoted loyalty to King George and always closes his meetings with the singing of God Save the King—but he would make short work of the House of Lords.

The new British realm, if he gets his way, will be practically self-contained. Instead of looking for foreign markets as an outlet for British manufactures, those in control of its destinies will develop the home market, grossly neglected (thunders Sir Oswald) by the muddleheads who have managed British affairs in the past. All these mighty changes are to be brought about without bloodshed. But he makes it clear, in orations and printed manifestoes, that revolutionary methods will be adopted if the muddlers muddle so long as to make catastrophe imminent.

By a strange paradox, the big fortune which he is devoting to undermining democracy in Britain originated in democratic America. It came to him from his wife, the late Lady Cynthia Mosley, whose father, Lord Curzon, at one time Viceroy of India, married Daisy Leiter, daughter of the multimillionaire Chicagoan, Levi Z. Leiter. Armed with all this money dug out of the Chicago wheat pit, the beautiful

(Continued on page 48)



The Blackshirt generalissimo, accompanied by his personal bodyguard, at the British Fascist headquarters

The Good Girl

WE MUST have been off the main highway a couple of hours, I guess, before I realized it. I was half asleep anyway. By that time it was pitch-dark, and the road ahead looked about eight feet wide, cut into the sheer wall of a canyon. I couldn't turn the car around, so I kept on going.

After a while Joan woke up.

"Where are we?" she said.

"The way I feel," I said, "it doesn't matter much, but approximately we're between Los Angeles and New York and getting farther away from both every minute, by the look of it. The general idea is, we're lost."

"Well," Joan said, with that lazy drawl of hers, "it's just as well for me—I'm not going anywhere."

"Oh, forget it," I said.

But after her flop in the movies, I guess the poor kid wasn't going anywhere at that. I'd just happened to run into her in L. A.—she was dancing in a pretty cheap cabaret—and I was giving her a lift back east. She wouldn't let me give her anything more, even though I'd been a kind of a big brother to her in the old days, back in Seneca County. That was the trouble—I could never get her to let me be anything else.

Joan started to comb her hair. It was kind of wild hair and wavy, always seemed to be floating around in the wind; not golden, not that cheap movie blond, but like the color of wild honey, if you know what I mean. But the old fire had gone out of the kid somehow. Her eyes—big and brown they were and set a little slantwise—seemed full of trouble, and when she smiled it was only half a smile, with a bitter sort of little twist of her eyebrow, and there was a hard line about her mouth that I hadn't seen before.

Just the same, she was still the easiest thing to look at I'd ever seen outside a picture book—so clean-cut, making you think of a statue or something; so slim and lithe, nothing soft or flabby about her; so—well, it made me feel pretty sick to think of what had happened to her out there.

She hadn't told me everything, only that there was a man in it, a movie director or something of the sort, and she hadn't found out what he was like soon enough, before she'd made a fool of herself. I didn't want to know anyway. I knew Joan and that was enough. I knew, too, that she'd been cut pretty deep, that she hadn't any money and no one left to turn to.

SUDDENLY I said: "Why not marry me after all, kid? I know it's not exciting. I'm forty-two and pretty fierce to look at, and you're only twenty-six on the fifth of November—it is the fifth, isn't it?—but, well, it'll be comfortable and prosperous and respectable. And I won't beat you, not often. What do you say?"

"I say, why not concentrate that powerful intellect, Bertie, on something worthy of it, like driving the car, for instance?" Joan said. "And, you may remember, we agreed not to discuss me on this trip."

"Sorry, it slipped out. Habit, I guess. . . . Gee! Wait a minute."

I stopped the car and got out to look around. All I could see was a cliff of rock on one side of us and a gulf of darkness on the other. The roar of a river seemed to come up from down there, faintly. Then I made out a point of light a long way ahead and above us. All we could do was to push on toward it.

In love with Joan Deane—young, beautiful, a girl who would make a splendid wife—Bertie Burton was confronted with a most perplexing problem. Should he marry her? He could. But—that's the story

By Bruce Hutchison

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

But we hadn't crawled a hundred yards up the hill in low when the engine stopped with a hollow, grinding noise. I couldn't get it to turn over again.

"Well," I said, "I guess we walk."

"How unerringly your mind grasps the obvious, Bertie," Joan said.

We walked. The moon had risen now and I could make out the bare hills dropping off straight down to the shiny, zigzag streak of a river, and I could smell the dry, biting smell of sagebrush and pine trees and alkali dirt. A million crickets were singing in the darkness.

I don't know how far we walked up that hill, but it must have been miles. I could imagine how Joan must be feeling in those high-heel satin slippers, but she didn't say anything.

AFTER a long while a dog began to bark in the darkness ahead. We seemed to be on level ground now and we came to a big wooden gate. Behind it were some buildings. We headed for the light and found a great log house, sprawling in the moonlight. I knocked on a door while Joan sat down and took off her slippers.

After a few minutes somebody opened the door and stood there holding a lamp to look at us. He seemed to be a young fellow, almost as tall as the doorway, with a blue dressing gown and striped pajamas.



"We're a couple of lost travelers," I said. "Sure, come on in," the fellow said, and laughed shyly

"We're a couple of lost travelers," I said.

"And not Mickey Mouse, as you probably supposed," Joan said from her chair.

"Sure, come on in," the fellow said, and laughed a little, shyly, at Joan. I liked his voice.

Joan limped in, carrying her slippers, and we slumped down into a couple of



chairs. Apparently we were in the kitchen, a vast shadowy place and littered with tables and chairs, and a stove about as big as a locomotive. There were lariats on the walls and chaps and cowboy hats.

In the light I could see that the fellow who had opened the door was a youngster in his late twenties, hugely made, with a tousel of black hair, a long face, tanned like old leather, and a quick, boyish grin.

"Whom," said Joan, rubbing her feet with both hands, "have we the pleasure of barging in on, in this brutal fashion?"

"O'Gallagher's my name," the youngster said and grinned again. "Michael O'Gallagher."

He didn't talk like a hick, as I'd expected, but he seemed a little embarrassed at the sight of Joan rubbing her

feet and most of her stockings showing, and he colored when she smiled up at him—one of those queer, crooked little smiles of hers, with a twist of her eyebrow that would make an older man than Michael O'Gallagher feel funny.

"Allow me," I said, thinking fast, "to introduce Miss Joan Deane, the distinguished actress. And I'm her manager, Bertie Burton. We're on our way East to fill a stage engagement and our car is busted down the road, fifty miles, more or less."

I THOUGHT I'd better make sure at the start that Michael wouldn't have any foolish notions about Joan and me. She gave me a quick look and then said to Michael: "And not as a hint, but merely as a statement of scientific fact, we're starving."

"Of course," Michael said. "I'll have

something for you in two shakes."

As we ate, Michael sat on a table, swinging his long legs in their green-striped pajamas, watching us with his head cocked on one side. He wasn't handsome; just tanned and clean-looking and lean, as if he lived in the sun and wind all the time.

After we began to feel human again, Joan said: "Where are we, anyway? Not that it matters, but as a question of geography."

"They call it the O'Gallagher place," Michael said, "on Little Turtle Mountain. Cattle and all that. Kind of a tough place to land into, but maybe better than nothing—when you're lost."

"The Last Great West," Joan said, and smiled at the youngster over her tea cup. "Cowboys—in dressing gowns and pajamas—and everything, just like the pioneers. It's too divinely roman-

tic. Young man, have you got a cigarette?"

Michael laughed and went into the next room and brought some cigarettes and lighted them for us. He looked hard at Joan as he held the match.

"Well," he said, "you folks will be wanting to go to bed, I guess. I can lend you some pajamas, a little big, maybe, but—"

"Better than nothing—when you're lost," Joan said, and we all laughed.

"That's a nice kid," I said, after Michael had gone off to get the pajamas.

"Think so?" Joan said.

MICHAEL led us up a creaky stairs to a narrow hall, which seemed to go on into the darkness indefinitely. He gave me a room at one end and took Joan down to the other end.

When we came downstairs in the morning, a laughing, shiny-faced little Chinese served us three fried eggs each and half a dozen slabs of bacon at one of the big kitchen tables. The ranch hands had evidently eaten hours before.

We'd just finished our coffee when Michael rode up to the open door on a black horse. He was wearing one of those ten-gallon hats, very old and frowzy, with two holes in the crown, a blue shirt, overalls and high-heel cowboy boots.

"Well, it looks as if you were going to be guests of the O'Gallagher place for quite a while," he sang out. "Your car has broken a main bearing and we can't get another up here for about five days, the way the trains run. I've sent a team down to tow the car up here."

"That's tough—on the O'Gallagher place," Joan said, and yawned luxuriously. "But you seem strangely stoical about it."

"Strangers," Michael said, "are our rarest luxury up here."

The way he looked at Joan, I thought he meant it.

"Maybe," he said, "you'd like to look around. Can you ride?"

"Yes," Joan said. "Believe it or not, I was brought up on a farm and practically on a horse's back."

"As for me," I said, "I can stick on a horse if he hasn't too gifted an imagination."

SO JOAN rigged herself up in a white shirt, some riding breeches and boots that belonged to Michael's sister—she was married now and living in 'Frisco—and I put on a pair of those high-heel cowboy shoes and some hairy chaps that made me feel pretty silly.

Michael had brought a white horse for Joan and a bay for me. She swung up into the saddle as if she'd never been off the farm back in Seneca County. Michael held the horse and watched her and I could see what he was thinking. No wonder. With that shirt open at the throat, her hair all blowing out in the wind, the color of honey, and those trim breeches and boots—well, Michael looked at her. So did half a dozen cowboys.

When we got away from the house a bit we could see the O'Gallagher ranch laid out like a carpet. It was a great, rolling plateau, covering fifty thousand acres and sweeping off in brown waves to the sky on every side, as if there were nothing beyond but a few pointed blue mountains—as if you'd fall off the edge into space. And there was a queer feeling about it all somehow. You noticed it right away—you seemed to be away from everything, on top of everything, all alone up there, close to the sky.

"Been here long?" I said to Michael. "Since I was born," he said, "except for a few years at school on the coast. Two terms of medicine back east when I had to come back—no one else left in

(Continued on page 35)



Detour

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

HE WAS not an important New Yorker, and never would be, and vaguely he realized it and was resigned. He was young, and the wellsprings of ambition sometimes bubbled within him, making him restless, for he knew in his soul he would never build a mousetrap or a bridge or compose a sonnet. His job was a monotonous routine, his home two rented rooms. Sundays he walked along Riverside Drive, looking at the boats, sitting on the benches, wishing that some day he might meet a beautiful girl, possibly a rich girl, who would like him beyond dreams.

In his life were many vexations, but the greatest of all was his own name. He detested his name and beheld it only as a cross a man must bear. It was Eugene Pfaffnautcher, which he had, unsolicited, from his people, now gone over the hill. In addition to its being a notably unlovely name, it was a name nobody could remember and nobody would try to remember it.

Strangers forgot it the instant they heard it and they likewise forgot the man who bore it. If he happened into a dance and met a girl, she immediately forgot his name and was forced to ask him, if she had to introduce him to other dancers. It was the same in business, the same when he traveled. He became pretty sick of it. But always he remained just Eugene Pfaffnautcher, a pushed-away part of the human background. . . .

Then the lovely days of spring marched across the calendar and it came time for Eugene to have his annual vacation. Some years he went to a mountain camp or Lake George, but this time he decided upon Asbury Park by the murmuring ocean. He prepared carefully.

Furthermore, and after only slight reflection, he determined to escape from his name and its train of ills, beginning with the instant when he would set foot within the seaside hotel. No Eugene Pfaffnautcher would he be—not for these two promising weeks. Casting about and thumbing over names for gentlemen, he wondered what would be a pleasant one, an effective and helpful name, and after saying a number aloud he decided on John Barrymore.

HE SIGNED the hotel registry card as John Barrymore and the clerk was taken aback visibly. In fact, he leaned forward and examined the card again to be sure.

"John Barrymore?" he inquired in a voice of polite astonishment.

"Yes," said Eugene quietly.

"Well, now—er—are you any relation to the famous movie and stage star?"

"Oh, no," replied Eugene. "Just happens to be the same name, heh, heh. . . . No relation at all. In fact, I come from the Ohio Barrymores."

They put him away in a sunny room and he began meeting people immediately, nice people, young and old, men and women, rich and poor. And nobody forgot his name.

Then he encountered Miss Mildred Stone, a handsome and vital lassie, if ever was one. Their meeting occurred on the dance floor at the hotel and they

moved gracefully through waltz after waltz, and presently they stood in the moonlight, gazing at each other. She was not the frail, starved type, working out a banana-and-milk diet. She was blooming and buxom, a tall girl, a sturdy, strong damsel, yet charming withal and handsome as a Greek goddess. Eugene looked at her and felt immediately the perfect thrill. He knew that his quest was ended, so he spoke to her frankly and without delay.

"Miss Stone," he said, "though we are not as yet well acquainted, I must tell you that you have for me a strange attraction. Tell me, do you like me?"

They were in the moonlight, the hour was late, there was an indefinable softness in the air, almost a fragrance.

"Yes," she said, "I do. I like you very much indeed."

"Mildred, if I may call you Mildred, do you think you like me well enough to marry me?"

She looked him straight in the eye. She did not simper in girlish confusion.

"Yes, John. I do like you, and well enough to marry you. I knew it the moment I met you."

They became engaged on the spot, Mildred and John, and for several days they moved as if in a dream. Then on the last day of their vacation in Asbury Park, they motored in a drive-the-car-yourself roadster. Eugene hired it at a wayside garage, a top-down sportster, so that the spring breezes might rum-

ple their hair. She was silent for a number of miles, and when she spoke her pleasant smile was missing, for in her mind was a serious thought.

"John," she said, and he noted her gravity, "it is my duty to inform you of something, for we are to be married, and with us there must be no deception."

"What is it, Mildred?"

"My name is Mildred, true enough, but it is not Mildred Stone."

"No?"

"No, not Mildred Stone."

"And what is it?"

"It is Mildred Pfaffnautcher."

He turned slowly in his seat and stared at the blooming creature, wondering if he had heard her correctly.

"Not Pfaffnautcher?" he muttered, and she nodded.

"You see, John, dear," she continued, "I had to tell you. All my life long I have loathed it and looked forward to the happy day when I could change it through marriage. To be sure, I never dared hope for a name like Barrymore. . . ."

THE car rolled on in the cool breeze and he sat as if turned into stone. She continued to speak, but he scarcely heard her voice, lovely as it was. Finally he emerged from his coma to hear her say:

"I can even now see my new calling cards with Mrs. John Barrymore in neat engraving."

He opened his mouth; the time had come.

"Mildred," he began in a voice that sounded like a stranger's, "I, too, must tell you something. I must tell you the truth here and now. My name is not John Barrymore."

The car slackened speed as her foot came up off the pedal and she half turned.

"Not John Barrymore?"

"No."

"You mean you took that name?"

"For my vacation only. I wanted—I longed desperately to escape from my own name, which I now must tell you as an honest man."

"What is your name?" she asked, and there was a faint touch of chill in her tone.

A POLICE radio car sped rapidly through the landscape, slackened for a turn, roared onward and the two officers on the front seat stared ahead. The one on the right leaned out, the better to see.

"Pull up, Joe," he said. "There's something in the ditch."

The car squealed to a stop, the officers stepped out and bent over the faintly stirring form of a young man in white trousers and buckskin shoes. At first they thought he was intoxicated, so they helped him to his feet, helped him into the car and waited for the return of his faculties.

"What happened to you?" inquired the driver.

"Well," said Eugene, peering at them dazedly, "I dunno. I was just riding along here with a girl and she asked me my name and I told her, and that's all I remember."

The officers glanced at each other in surprise and then at the young man, who began dusting himself gently.

"What is your name?"

He gave them both a glance of cold suspicion.

"My name is John Barrymore," he replied stonily. "You can take it or leave it."



"What is your name?" she asked, and there was a faint touch of chill in her tone

A Very Good Racket

By Quentin Reynolds

The chap who turned pro tennis into big business was a young man with nothing more revolutionary in mind than a desire to get married. He is married now, and his first year's income is sure to exceed \$100,000. Presenting Mr. Ellsworth Vines

THE Tall Man strode to the baseline smiling at the storm of applause which came from the stands. A lanky kid, obviously nervous, took his position on the other side of the court and the man in the umpire's chair announced: "William Tilden will now play Ellsworth Vines. Mr. Tilden serving."

It was 1927, in one of the early rounds of the Pacific Southwest tournament. The lanky kid was fifteen then and although he did his best he was only Tilden's stooge that day. The then champion won, 6-0, 6-2, and even young Vines realized that the Tall Man had graciously allowed him the winning of those two games.

"I'll beat that guy sometime," the youngster said optimistically in the locker-room afterward, but he said it to himself.

The youngster had to wait until 1930 to meet the Tall Man again. This time it was at Newport in the annual tournament. The Tall Man was three years older and the lines in his face had deepened and his hair was scantier and one leg was plaguing him frightfully. This time he limped to the baseline and when he looked across the court there was that same lanky kid again—but he was eighteen now and he had filled out a bit and because he had beaten the best men in the amateur ranks he was confident and very dangerous indeed.

"The Tall Man is due for a beating," the galleries whispered. "That leg won't even hold up for three sets."

Well, it held up for two sets and that was enough, for the Tall Man won the match by a 9-7, 6-2 score.

"I'll beat that guy yet," the youngster said in the locker-room afterward—but this time he said it grimly.

The years crowded each other out of the way and the two never met until January 10th last and now the Tall Man and the lanky kid were both professionals and now they were playing before 16,000 people in Madison Square Garden.

They say that the Tall Man was never better than he was that night. His tremendous service was even greater than the smashing thunderbolts delivered by the lanky kid. Vines was a youngster no longer. He was cool, crafty, dynamic, and he was filled with confidence that he could blast this forty-two-year-old veteran off the court. He was in his prime, a relentless killer, and he was out to fill the



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Ellsworth Vines, whose proficiency with a racket is earning him a pretty penny. At the left, his bride

prophecy he had made when he was a fifteen-year-old boy.

But the Tall Man was unbeatable that night. His racket was tipped with magic and Father Time took a holiday. The legs that should have tired after a set or two were again nimble, lithe, flashing, steel-sinewed. The arms that should have become heavy didn't and the brain that should have become tired was never more alert. Vines was magnificent—but the Tall Man was great. He won in straight sets—8-6, 6-3, 6-2.

"I'll beat that guy yet," the youngster said in the locker-room afterward, and this time he said it with tears of frustration in his eyes and desperation in his voice. "I'll beat him yet."

A Thrill Too Long Delayed

Two days later the Tall Man defeated him again and then the Tilden troupe moved to Washington. It was January 14th and this time the youngster won. It was a desperate battle but the lanky kid finally beat the Tall Man, 6-0, 5-7, 6-2, 6-2.

"I beat him," Vines said the other day, "but it took me seven years to do it. And there was no particular thrill to it either. It should have been the biggest moment in my life—but I had anticipated it too long. I had dreamed for years of the thrill that would come when I did beat Tilden and then—there was no thrill."

I suppose an axe man feels like that when he fells a giant redwood. The thrill of cutting it down is lost in the greater sensation of realizing its magnificence as it falls.

"I could only think of how great Tilden was," Vines said. "I know that I can play this game of tennis. But to be able to play it at forty as Tilden does—that is real greatness."

But this is not a story of the Tall Man. He has written his story indelibly upon the tennis courts of the world.

It is a story of the lanky kid who parlayed a tennis racket into a fortune.

It was Vines who changed professional tennis from a more or less noble but hazardous experiment into big business. Tilden, of course, had shown the way and Tilden with Nusslein, Kozeluh, Barnes, Hunter and one or two others had laid the groundwork for the substantial edifice which pro tennis has become. But still—16,000 people weren't turning out to watch Big Bill and his sparring partners, for that is all they were.

Then Bill O'Brien, who manages the tennis troupe, snared Vines but he wouldn't have snared him but for a pair of twinkling eyes owned and operated by the very fetching Verle Low, a childhood sweetheart of Ellsworth's. Vines wanted to marry but he wanted more than an expense account to share with his wife. So he turned pro and now the Vines' matrimonial ship sails serenely through the economic shoals.

Ellsworth himself was dubious as to the financial future of pro tennis but he thought it was worth a trial. In 1933 Vines was deprived of both his American and Wimbledon titles. It didn't seem a very auspicious time to become a professional but he took the decisive step in January, 1934.

The kid was broke. He had just enough money to bring himself East. He'd played in New York a lot, of course, but although he could have gone to Forest Hills blindfolded he had to ask a traffic cop where to find Madison Square Garden. He found it all right, played Tilden and collected exactly \$7,118.91.

He and his bride took that check back to their hotel and looked at it with awe. Until then they hadn't realized that there was that kind of money in the world. Boston yielded \$3,045.40 and both Chicago and Philadelphia were good for more than \$2,000 each. So Ellsworth gave his bride a

belated wedding present. It was a \$3,000 automobile.

He had found an Aladdin's Lamp and for months he had only to rub it three times a week and four or five thousand dollars would drop into his lap. It was hard work—playing Tilden, Martin Plaa and then Henri Cochet, but it was the kind of work he loved and it was well paid. To date the youngster has made \$75,000 and banked most of it.

"It was difficult to accustom myself to think in terms of thousands of dollars," Ellsworth says with delightful simplicity.

But Golf's What He Likes

The \$75,000 which Vines has earned since January did not all come from gate receipts. Like Tilden, Vines broadcasts, syndicates a column on tennis, sponsors a racket and he has written a book.

Ellsworth is a man of property now—a big business man—but he hasn't lost his boyish charm as most big business men do.

He thinks that Tilden is the greatest of all players but the Tall Man is not his idol. Gene Sarazen is the man who fills that spot. The grass is always greener somewhere else—and Vines bemoans the fate that made him a great tennis star instead of a great golf player.

"But my kid brother," Ellsworth says enviously, "oh, but he's a fine golfer. He's only been playing a short time and he hits the low eighties already. I wish I could play like that."

"But if you could play golf like that," I reminded him, "you wouldn't be sitting here in an expensive suite in an expensive hotel and you wouldn't have a \$3,000 car waiting down in the street for you and . . ."

"I guess you're right," Vines said, and he smiled and looked across the room to where young, pretty Verle Low Vines was sitting.

The Headache from the Hills

Sweet could tell that the Uncle Sam lady had found another job for him. His head hurt so bad

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BURNE

SWEET watched the Uncle Sam lady drive her car on down the concrete road and then he turned mournfully toward the little path that led to his cabin a hundred yards up in the pines. It was bad. The Uncle Sam lady—the new one—hadn't done a thing but ask questions. She asked too many questions. She wanted to know about everything, and when he did not tell her the right answers she quarreled and fussed.

"She gettin' as bad as Delia," Sweet grumbled. "I don't see how de fust Uncle Sam lady c'd be so nice, and den de new one come along and be so mean."

For the moment he let his musings go at that, and then continued, his mind a blank, to his cabin.

Time was when a black-top gravel road ran in front of his cabin. It hadn't been Sweet's cabin then, but the time was when the road ran right by the front door. And time was when that old poor North Louisiana hillside would have made enough cotton to pay a man for his work, too. And that was before Sweet's time in the cabin. Sweet had moved in when the man who worked the old hillside could no longer make a living on it, and after the new concrete road had been built a hundred yards away from the house.

SWEET had brought Delia to the cabin right after they got married up. He had promised her to go over to the Red River bottoms and work share crops. Delia had ambitions to be the wife of a cotton cropper in the rich bottom country, so she came with Sweet. But some way or other, they never achieved a crop in the bottoms. A little wage work here and there, backed up by Delia's fishing and strictest economy, had seen them through. Sweet was always promising to "see de man" to make arrangements, but he had never got around to it, and so they lived from year to year.

Delia always grumbled about it and Sweet always promised earnestly to "see de man." And now the Uncle Sam lady had developed a way of driving down the road and blowing her horn until Sweet was forced to go to see what she wanted. And then the Uncle Sam lady started fussing, too. And asking questions! Lord, Lord, a man's business wasn't his own, any more!

Just now Sweet flopped down upon his cabin porch, practically exhausted, and removed the shoes from his sockless feet. He could tell by the way Delia looked at him that she was likely to start asking questions and quarreling, any minute. He hated to answer questions and for a moment considered wandering off from the house to get away from his wife. This plan he abandoned as being too much trouble.

Then he remembered Delia's one weak

spot and decided to make a play for it before she got started. His shoes gave him the idea.

"Hit do look like," he grumbled, just loud enough for Delia to hear, "dat when a white man give a man a pair er shoes, he'd give 'em big enough so's dey wouldn't might' nigh pinch his foots off. Dem shoes pinched my foots so hard I feel like I'm fixin' to git me a haidache again."

SWEET'S headaches were Delia's weakness and he knew it. He saved them for emergencies and he figured, from the way the Uncle Sam lady had talked to him, that the situation was getting drastic.

"I never knowed shoes c'd pinch my foots so hard my haid would start achin'." He relaxed against the post and began to feel abused about the newly acquired headache.

Delia was sympathetic, "Set still, darlin'," she told him, "and I'll swage hit down wid some mullen tea."

Sweet shook his head wearily. "No mind, yit," he said. "Hit jest feel like hit was fixin' to ache. Hit feel better since I tuck dem shoes off."

Delia looked at the shoes and back at her husband. "Efn de shoes hurts so bad," she asked, "how come you wears 'em when you go to de big road to see the Uncle Sam lady? You goes bar'foot ev'ywhars else."

"Dis new Uncle Sam lady," Sweet explained, "is kind er funny about stuff like dat. She got de white man to gimme dese shoes de fust time she seed me, and I figgers I better wear 'em when I'm tawkin' to her, or else she might git mad and raise another humbug, like she done about dem gyarden seeds."

"Which gyarden seeds?" Delia asked. "Dey's news to me."

Sweet squirmed. He forgot he had not told Delia about the garden seeds, and now, headache or no, Delia was going to have to know.

"I meant to tell you, baby," he said cautiously, "only I didn't want you to go wearyin' about 'em."

"A good gyarden never wearied me," Delia stated flatly. "I wisht I had de chance to weary about one. Now, what about dem seeds?"

"Well, you see," Sweet confessed, "de fust Uncle Sam lady gived me some gyarden seeds, away back last spring."

"And you didn't bring 'em home?" Delia's tone was bitter. "Sweet, we could 'a' used dem gyarden seeds."

"Hit would 'a' been a heap er bother," Sweet decided. "Dat was de time when I was on de N. R. and A., gittin' store credick over in Benton straight f'm Uncle Sam hissef. And when a man git store credick f'm Uncle Sam, he ain't got no need to go frettin' wid no gyarden."

Delia could not understand it. "You

ought to brung dem seeds home and planted 'em," she insisted.

"Dat's what de new Uncle Sam lady say, down on de big road," Sweet said. "She axed me how many jars I needed to can de beans, and I told her I didn't had no beans. So she looked in her book and say I'm jue to had some beans, on account er Uncle Sam writ me down to have beans along about now."

"US COULD use some beans about now," Delia put in. "Me, I'd crave a whole bait er snap beans, cooked down wid side meat and onions." The idea seemed to grow on Delia and the more it grew the madder she got. Suddenly she blurted out: "You lyin' rascal, you! Whyn't you bring dem seeds home instid er lyin' out of 'em?"

"Aw, darlin', I didn't lie out of 'em," Sweet declared. "I wisht I had, and maybe de Uncle Sam lady wouldn't 'a' fussed. I jest told her I never did git around to plantin' dat gyarden. And when I told her dat, she got mad and

made a humbug down on de road like I ain't never seed. You'd 'a' thought dat lady was gonter eat dem beans hersef, de way she fussed and quarreled."

Delia was angry. "Efn you too lazy to work a gyarden," she told him bitterly, "whyn't you bring dem seeds to me? I'd 'a' planted 'em and worked 'em mysef."

Sweet shook his head sadly. "You couldn't," he explained. "You been ailin' all summer."

"I been what?" Delia demanded.

"Ailin', honey. Bad sick. Might' nigh gonter die off."

"I ain't no sich thing sick," she denied vehemently. "I feels handsome."

Sweet grinned with superior knowledge. "Uncle Sam got you writ down for ailin'," he told her. "And when Uncle Sam git you writ down on de paper!—ah, Lawd, baby, den you's sick and ailin'."

Delia puzzled over it for a minute. She had tremendous respect for Uncle Sam, and she knew if he had her listed





as sick, there must be something to it. Unless, of course, Sweet had made up a lie and told Uncle Sam. She squinted her eyes accusingly. "How come I'm writ down like dat?" she demanded.

Sweet crossed his legs and settled back more comfortably. With the patience of a teacher he told her how it was. "Well, you see," he said, "when de N. R. and A. stopped givin' me credick at the store, Uncle Sam tuck and put me on de C. W. and A. for two days a week, on wages."

"AND you quit dat job might' nigh as quick as you started," Delia recalled resentfully.

"Naw," Sweet denied. "I didn't quit. I jest got laid off, on account er de C. W. and A. couldn't use no man which was gettin' ready to make a crop, so I told de bossman I was fixin' to make a crop."

"A crop er what?"

"Cotton, fool! What kind er crop you reckon?"

"I ain't seed no crop er cotton."

Sweet was disappointed by the total lack of interest in what he thought was praiseworthy effort, but he was too rushed to worry about it

"I was fixin' to make one," Sweet insisted, "but I couldn't get me no mule. So when I found out I couldn't git me no mule, I told de Uncle Sam lady, so she sent me over to Benton to see a man, and de man put me in dat Three-C camp, cuttin' down trees and stuff. 'Member?"

"Sho', I 'members," Delia snorted. "You lasted a week in dat place, countin' de day hit took you to git dar and de day to git back home. And you come home wid nothin', too. Not even a sack er meal."

"My haid ached so bad," Sweet lied, "to I thought I'd die."

"You didn't tell me," Delia reminded him.

"I told de Three-C doctor," Sweet

said, "but he didn't know how to cyore hit. So I knowed I'd die off efn I didn't git back hyar so's you c'd cyore me up. So I told de bossman dat you was ailin' fit to die, yo'se'f, and maybe I'd better come on back home and do you a few favors whilst you was still livin'."

Delia was indignant. "You lied me sick on de paper," she accused, "but you didn't git yo' haidache writ down? You'd do me like dat?"

"Sho'. I had to tell 'em somethin'. Efn I'd 'a' stayed in dat Three-C camp they'd 'a' worked me to death. I never seed so much work."

"And hit'd 'a' been good riddance," said Delia menacingly. "Fust you's too dad-gummed lazy to plant de gyarden seeds Uncle Sam gived us, and den you go gits me writ down on de paper sayin' I'm sick and ailin' all on account er you's too dad-gummed lazy to work a little."

"Aw, honey," Sweet pleaded. "Don't fuss at me. Hit'll make my haid ache."

THE headache was useless this time.

Delia selected her words carefully and shot them like bullets at her husband. "I ain't argvin' wid de Uncle Sam paper about me bein' sick and ailin'," she told him, "but de ailin' I got in de Uncle Sam paper ain't tuck de strenk outn my arms." As if to prove it, she leaped up and grabbed Sweet by the shoulders. "And now," she said, churning him back and forth and bumping his head against the post, "I'm gonter give you dat haidache you been fixin' to have. And hit'll be in yo' haid, too, and not on de Uncle Sam paper."

Sweet protested but the strong arms of his wife held him fast as she yanked him viciously forward and back, bumping his head with each yank. He tried to beg her to stop, but every time he got his mouth open his head slammed the post and he bit his tongue.

He had concluded to resist no longer and to allow Delia to wear herself out, when the Uncle Sam lady appeared suddenly out of the pine thicket and walked briskly into the yard. Although she had been a heap of trouble to him, her arrival just then was most welcome to Sweet.

Delia saw the Uncle Sam lady, too, and immediately released Sweet. "Howdy do, ma'am," she greeted. "I and my husband was jest skylarkin' and goin' on. Come in and have a chair and a cool drink er water?"

The Uncle Sam lady stopped in the yard and glared at them both. "You are this man's wife?" It was an accusation rather than a question.

"Yas'm," said Delia. She could see the lady was angry about something. "Us was married in de chu'ch, wid a pair er cou'house licenses and all."

"You don't look sick to me," the lady continued.

"No'm, I don't look ve'y sick," Delia confessed, "but I been ailin' kind er bad."

THE Uncle Sam lady turned her attention to Sweet, who was examining the post against which Delia had been pounding his head. It was wood, all right, but he couldn't understand how mere wood could seem so hard and unyielding.

"I've found you a job," the Uncle Sam lady snapped at him. "You've been drawing government benefits and whining about no work, all year, now. So I've found you a job and you're going to work. Understand?"

"Yas'm," said Sweet resignedly. "I knowed hit was a job, somewhars, efn I c'd jest find one—"

"Never mind that," the lady interrupted curtly. "I'm going to put you in my automobile and take you to it."

"Yas'm," Sweet assented without enthusiasm.

"And that sick wife of yours can come along, too," the lady went on. "She's not too sick to chop cotton at six bits a day and rations."

"I'm a good cotton chopper, too," Delia said brightly.

Sweet showed no such eagerness. "What do my job pay?" he asked. "And what kind er work is hit? When I was settin' blocks in de sawmill—"

"It's not in a sawmill, and it's not sawmill wages," the lady assured him. "It's a job in the hayfield on Little Bee Bend plantation and it pays a dollar a day and rations."

"Yas'm," Sweet suggested, "I'll drap over and see de man."

"You'll drop over to my car, right now," the Uncle Sam lady informed him, "and I'll drive you down. The job is waiting for you."

Delia was anxious to start and Sweet had no choice. They followed the Uncle Sam lady to the highway, climbed in the back seat of her flivver and sat speechless and almost breathless as the car whizzed down the road.

There were a few minutes of riding through country exactly like that in which Sweet and Delia lived. Red, rainwashed hillsides, abandoned to sage grass and persimmon sprouts. Occasionally a ramshackle and unoccupied cabin appeared and disappeared as the car sped along.

Then suddenly the car dropped down a slight hill and everything changed. The land was now flat and black. Luscious green cotton, already waist-high, lined both sides of the road. The cabins looked sturdy and well kept. The mules were big and fat. The air itself was rich and heavy.

Delia was thrilled. "Us is in the bottoms, darlin'," she told Sweet. He grunted his passive interest.

"Maybe," Delia went on happily, "efn us work good over on Little Bee Bend, maybe us kin stay and make a crop, next year."

"Maybe," Sweet agreed sadly.

"Den," Delia continued, "us c'd git plenty rations offn de commissary, and live in a good house and make a bale to de acre, jest like all de yuther bottom niggers, and not have to eat fish and berries and stuff outn de woods."

BEFORE Sweet could think of anything to say to that, the car slowed, turned from the highway across a black-top road and went straight toward a big green barn.

"Here's the man I was talking about, Giles," the Uncle Sam lady said when the car stopped. "I brought the wife along, too. She may be able to help out with the hoeing."

Sweet noticed that the man called Giles was eying him critically. And from the expression on his face Sweet felt that Giles was none too pleased.

Delia climbed out of the car first, and greeted Giles formally. "Pleased to make yo' 'quaintance," she volunteered. "My name's Delia Moss. I hyared you needed a few cotton choppers, so I drapped by. I'm kind er out er practice, but quick as I gits goin', I claims I kin shake a hoe good as de next one, might' nigh."

Giles looked surprised and pleased. "Maybe," he said. "Quick as you gits a few baits er collards and side meat inside er you. Git you a hoe, yonder, and jine de ladies out in de field. Take hit easy to you gits some grub under yo' skin."

Delighted, Delia got a hoe and walked off. Sweet stood ill at ease while the foreman gave him one more searching appraisal. "Hill nigger, hunh?" he grunted noncommittally. "Well, come on, le's go."

Sweet started off, following Giles, but Giles stepped aside. "You wawk in

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The Beautiful Ladies

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

IT WAS next to the last day of Mr. Binney's visit to Shanghai and he had left the most important thing until this afternoon to buy. This was a new cookstove.

The cookstove he and Mary had brought to China with them twenty years before, and in which Mary had baked bread and pie and cake and sugar cookies for all the years in which they had lived in the dusty little Chinese town just south of the Great Wall, had suddenly refused to bake any longer and had collapsed. He should not perhaps have left so important a thing until nearly the last day, but he and Mary had decided they must not spend more than ten dollars on the stove, and when Mr. Binney had asked timorously at a large English shop about cookstoves the answer haughtily given had been of such overwhelming size that he could only leave in complete silence after murmuring, "Thank you, sir," to the tall, thin floor-walker dressed meticulously in formal morning clothes.

Mr. Binney had gone back to the Missionary Home where he was stopping, since he was a missionary, and there in his dingy, small room he had

The famous author of "The Good Earth" turns from her novel writing to tell us about Mr. Binney, who will always remember what he learned on a memorable walk in Shanghai

made the subject a matter of prayer. The result was that the very first thing he saw this morning was a secondhand shop filled with every sort of goods, and in the midst of much else was a cookstove not too badly worn. He hastened in, and after a little polite argument with the apathetic Chinese proprietor, he bought the stove for ten dollars. He had known he would, but the sense of exhilaration he always felt after answered prayer sent him happily down the street. One never could be sure if what one asked was in accord with God's will. When, as in this case, it proved to be so, it was very pleasant. He arranged with a ricksha man to deliver the stove and then turned delightedly to thinking how pleased Mary would be.

For the cookstove was something he had planned especially for his wife, Mary, his dear Mary, as a sort of present for their twentieth anniversary. This day fortnight he would be home with her again in their little four-room Chinese house under the Wall, and she would be unpacking the box he had brought—first the cookstove, with which she would be so pleased, then a few spices, some tracts and a little hand printing press to print more, some cotton stockings for her and warm underwear for them both and the lengths of strong, plain, woolen stuff she would make into a suit for him and a dress for herself. It was not pretty material. Even as he bought it at a Chinese cloth shop he realized it would not be pretty; plain dark gray cloth it was, but strong and cheap, and so he took it.

THEY had so little money that one must think of strength and cheapness first. Left to himself he might never have thought of anything else, except that he had learned by now that Mary loved pretty things. She was, for instance, always coaxing along little stunted flowers in pots and boxes. He remembered once her joy over a bit of red geranium someone passing through had brought her from Peking. But it had died. The bitter, sandy winds out of the desert had killed it, as they killed everything. Those same winds had turned Mary's rosy face pale and lined, and her curly dark hair gray and dry. Sometimes she looked almost as dust-colored as the Chinese women. His heart ached suddenly as he thought of her. She had been very pink and white as a girl, he remembered.

For now he thought of this especially. He had been wandering as his feet led him among the streets, and suddenly he came upon a beautiful, gay street. "It is so pretty, Mary would like it," he thought to himself, looking about him. It was a street of hospitable houses

whose doors were open, and from one door and then another he saw ladies come out, prettily dressed, and step into carriages which seemed waiting for them, and then drive smartly off, their Chinese coachmen brilliant in uniforms of red and blue, and wearing tasseled hats.

He stopped and stared as one of the carriages passed him. Two ladies in it threw him the gayest of smiles. He smiled back, surprised, and tipped his hat. It was very friendly of them, he thought. Perhaps they took him for

someone else. But when he looked and saw another carriage pass and caught another smile as brilliant, he said to himself, "It is only that they are charming and kindly ladies," and he was grateful to them, for no one else in the city had smiled at him.

Somehow when they had passed him and he had trudged away the other streets seemed less cheerful than they had been. In fact, he thought, that one street was the only really cheerful one he had seen. He began to walk slowly to the Missionary Home.

When he opened the door, the place seemed suddenly unutterably dreary. Yet it was quite as it had been when he left it after his tiffin. The unframed texts in the hall, the strips of matting upon the worn floors, the unpainted wicker furniture, were all as they had been.

HE WENT slowly upstairs, stepping aside once to allow Mrs. Browntree, the housekeeper, to pass by. He looked at her as she passed. She was not changed, he knew. He had sat next her at meals for nearly a week, and he knew

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He smiled back, surprised. It was very friendly of them, he thought. Perhaps they took him for someone else



President Roosevelt's "brain trust" is making way for a "social trust" as the New Deal moves into another stage, a stage in which Mr. Roosevelt can work out his long-cherished plans for the greater happiness of Main Street

The Next Step

By Ray Tucker

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a young senator from New York State used to vacation at Eastport on the Bay of Fundy. Unlike most of the summer residents, who were then shaking themselves into the mysteries of the new-fangled tango and turkey trot, he didn't spend much time in dancing, swimming and fishing. Accompanied by a brown-skinned reporter from a New York City newspaper, who shared his interest in public affairs, he drove and sailed around the fringes of the harbor. For hours he would stare at the violent inward and outward rush of the tide, and talk of the turbines it would turn if properly harnessed.

When he became President of the United States, and the reporter grew up into a secretarial boarder at the White House, the two put on another act in this drama of a down-east tide. Yes, said Louis Howe, as they chinned one night in the upstairs study, he remembered those days at Eastport. The very thought of those furious tramps made his legs ache, and the explorations in an open sailboat gave him a sun-tan he has never been able to wash off.

Well, said the President, that tide is going to be harnessed. For many reasons, Louis. It might help to strengthen the Democratic party up there, and give a more helpful meaning to the old political saw that "as Maine goes, so goes

the Union." It would, with Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, Columbia Basin and the St. Lawrence, round out the Roosevelt program of hydro-electric production and distribution in a big way. It would furnish cheap light and power to old neighbors among the spud-raisers of Aroostook County, who would not have to go to bed at sundown for want of light, and transform northern New England into an industrial section.

A Typical Roosevelt Move

It was no sooner thought of than planned, and Secretary Ickes, who would have been awakened by a late telephone from the White House if he went to bed early, agreed to set aside sufficient funds to make the President's early dream come true. It will prob-

ably be the next big step in the Administration's national program for federal development of water power and more intensive utilization of natural resources.

This incident illustrates several traits which Washington notes in Mr. Roosevelt as he approaches the next stage of what he still calls the New Deal. It shows the persistence of an idea once it has lodged in his head, even though circumstances may defer and modify the time and form of execution. It reveals his talent for clothing a public project in political wrappings cut along non-partisan lines. It expresses his tremendous interest and enthusiasm for the improvement of general living conditions in terms of everyday comfort and convenience. He has turned his eyes from Wall Street, which re-

quired so much of his thought in the first months of his régime, to Main Street.

That those who will benefit most directly from this and similar projects happen to be rural people appeals to an unsuspected side of Mr. Roosevelt. But to understand some of the underlying purposes and specific plans of his program, one must realize that he is partial to folk on the farm if only because he still idealizes the atmosphere in which they live. "You don't grow as good people as we do in the country," he once wrote to an urban friend, "although you grow good people." The afterthought is as typically Rooseveltian as his esteem for countrymen, for his eminently political nature recognizes that votes also grow in the cities.

Nevertheless, this gentleman farmer from Hyde Park feels that the rural life develops certain qualities of simplicity and sincerity which are highly desirable in the national make-up. Although it may be unfair to labor the thought too much, he aims to realize on a broader basis his memories of the peace, security and contentment which existence down on the farm once offered.

This attitude illumines his hopes for the next part of his program. In contrast to emergency, recovery and relief measures, he now contemplates a

(Continued on page 40)

The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

The Story Thus Far:

MARTIN FAWLEY, American, accepts a perilous secret assignment from Italy's strong man, General Berati. As he prepares to leave the general's office, a woman bursts in, shoots at the general, misses him. Fawley pursues the would-be assassin, who loses one of her slippers (which Fawley picks up) before she is overtaken. She seems unperturbed by the shooting episode—and greatly concerned over the loss of her slipper, which Fawley refuses to return.

An hour later, they meet again at a reception given by the general's wife! The woman, Fawley learns, is his hostess' niece: the Princess Elida di Rezco di Vasena. With her he slips away to a restaurant, where he returns the slipper and a paper—a paper of tremendous political importance—which he had found therein. He also promises not to reveal her identity to Berati. As he does so, Prince Patoni (the general's secretary, who has been eavesdropping) steps from behind a screen, insists that Fawley report to the general at once.

Fawley reports. The general knows the whole story! "I am exiling the princess for one year," he announces. "She thinks I have refused point-blank to sign a certain document, and thereby imperiled my country. I have not refused. I have an open mind. Later, I shall send you to Germany; your reports to me from there will influence me."

The two men part, it being agreed that the general will, from time to time, send Fawley his secret orders (in a cipher which Fawley must memorize) in a simple blue envelope. . . . The first orders reach Fawley at Monte Carlo. Instantly he is off in a car for the French Alps. There he is halted by soldiers, who escort him to their commander—Colonel Dumesnil.

"Why are you here?" the colonel asks sternly. Fawley smiles. "It is no secret," he replies. "I am trying to discover the extent and nature of the French fortifications around here." Dumesnil is astounded. "For what reason?" he snaps out. "At Sospel," Fawley replies, "there are some golf links and a hotel. I may buy them. I shall not buy them, however, if, should a war come, they would be in danger of destruction."

Accepting that explanation, the colonel releases Fawley, who promptly explores the entire region by night. He finds an amazing anti-aircraft gun; he finds seven intricate hidden galleries. Then, detected, he is pursued, narrowly escapes with his life. . . . Returning to Monte Carlo, he finds a blue envelope in his room. As he prepares to read it he receives a shock. Someone knocks, sharply!

III

FAWLEY'S left hand conveyed the letter in the blue envelope to the safe recesses of his pocket. His right hand continued its task of pouring out the coffee.

"Come in," he invited.

The door was promptly opened. The person who stood upon the threshold was one of the most harmless-looking, elderly gentlemen possible to conceive. He was inclined to be stout but his broad shoulders and erect carriage somewhat discounted the fact. He was possessed of a pink and white complexion, eyes of almost a china-blue and shortly cropped gray hair. He wore a gray knickerbocker suit and carried in his hand a cap of the same color.

"I have the pleasure to address Major Fawley; is it not so?" he began in a clear, pleasant voice with a slight foreign accent. "I was hoping to present a letter of introduction but it arrives late. My name is Krust."

"Adolf Krust?" Fawley asked, rising to his feet.

"The same," was the cheerful rejoinder. "You have heard of me, yes?"

"Naturally," Fawley replied. "Anyone who takes an interest in European politics must have heard of Adolf Krust. Come in and sit down, sir."



"I have the pleasure to address Major Fawley; is it not so?"

The visitor shook hands but hesitated. "This is not a formal visit," he said. "I ventured to look in to ask if you would care to play golf with me today. I have heard of you from a mutual friend, besides this letter of introduction of which I spoke."

"That is quite all right," Fawley assured him. "You have had your coffee, I suppose?"

"At seven o'clock," the other an-

swered. "What I wished to explain was that I am not alone. My two nieces are with me. It is permitted to ask them to enter?"

"By all means," Fawley assented. "I hope they will excuse my rather unconventional attire."

"They are unconventional themselves," Krust declared. "Nina!"

Two young women entered at once. They wore the correct tweed clothes of

the feminine golfer but they rather gave one the impression of being dressed for a scene in a musical comedy. Their hats were almost too perfect and the delicacy of their complexions could scarcely have survived a strenuous outdoor life. They were, as a matter of fact, exceedingly pretty girls.

"Let me present Major Fawley," Krust said, waving his hand. "Miss Nina Heldersturm—Miss Greta Müller."

FAWLEY bowed, shook hands with the young women, apologized for his costume and disposed of them upon a divan.

"We owe you apologies," Krust went on, "for descending upon you like this, but the fact of it is our rooms are all upon this floor. I ventured—"

"Not another word, please," Fawley begged. "I am very glad indeed to meet you, Mr. Krust, and your charming nieces."

"We go to golf," Krust declared. "These young ladies are too frivolous for the pursuit. I myself am a serious golfer. It has been said of me that I take my nieces with me to distract my opponents!"

"We never say a word," one of the young ladies protested.

"We really have very good golf manners," the other put in. "If we are allowed to walk around we never speak upon the stroke, we never stand in anyone's line and we always say 'hard luck' when anyone misses a putt."

"You have been well trained," Fawley approved.

"To serious conversation they are deaf," Krust confided. "They have not a serious thought in their brains. How could it be otherwise? They are Bohemians. Nina there calls herself an artist. She paints passably but she is lazy. Greta has small parts at the Winter Gardens. Just now we are all in the same position. We are out of harness. Our worthy President has put me temporarily upon the shelf. Nina is waiting for a contract and Greta has no engagements until the summer. We were on our way to Italy—as perhaps you know."

KRUST'S suddenly wide-opened eyes, his quick lightning-like glance at Fawley, almost took the latter aback.

"I had no idea of the fact," he answered.

"I wish to go to Rome. It was my great desire to arrive there yesterday. A mutual friend of ours, however, said 'No.' A politician cannot travel incognito. My business, it seems, must be done at secondhand."

"It is," Fawley ventured, "the penalty of being well known."

Krust stroked his smooth chin. His eyes were still upon Fawley.

"What our friend lacks," he observed, "is audacity. If it is dangerous for me to be in a certain place I call for the photographers and the journalists. I announce my intention of going there. I permit a picture of myself upon the railway platform. What a man is willing to tell to the whole world, the public say, can lead nowhere. One succeeds better in this world by bluff than by subtlety."

"Are you going to play golf with this talkative old gentleman?" Greta asked, smiling at Fawley in heavenly fashion.

"We love him but we are a little tired of him. We should like a change. We should like to walk round with you both and we promise that our behavior will be perfect."

FAWLEY reflected for a moment. He had the air of a man briefly weighing up the question of an unimportant engagement but actually his mind had darted backward to the seventh gallery in the mountains. Step by step he traced his descent. He considered the matter of the changed cars—the ancient flivver lying at the bottom of the precipice, his Lanton released from its place of hiding in a desolate spot into which he had clambered in the murky twilight after dawn. His change of clothes in a wayside barn. The bundle which lay at the bottom of a river bed in the valley. Civilian detectives perhaps might have had a chance of tracing that

here is a perfect omnibus and will take us all."

"Where do we play?" Fawley asked. "It is a fine morning," the other pointed out. "The glass is going up. The sun is shining. I will telephone to Mont Agel. If play is possible there they will tell me. If not we will go to Cagnes."

"In the bar at eleven o'clock," Fawley repeated as he showed them out. . . .

Fawley was an absent-minded man that morning. When he submitted himself to the ministrations of the coiffeur and valet his thoughts traveled backward to his interview with Berati and traveled forward exploring the many byways of the curious enterprise to which he had committed himself. Krust was the principal figure in his reflections. With the papers full of dramatic stories day by day of the political struggle which seemed to be tearing out

statesman and a millionaire. They say he could have been President if Hindenburg had retired. Everyone is wondering what he is doing here with things in such a turmoil at home."

"He seems to have good taste in his traveling companions," Fawley observed.

The coiffeur coughed discreetly.

"His nieces, sir. Charming young ladies. Very popular too, although the old gentleman seldom lets them out of his sight. My wife," the man went on, dropping his voice a little, "was brought up in Germany. She is German, in fact. She knows the family quite well. She does not seem to remember these young ladies, however."

"I wonder how long he is staying," Fawley meditated.

"Only yesterday morning," the man confided, "he told me that he was waiting for news from home which might

His customer nodded. For several moments after the coiffeur had left him he remained in his chair glancing into the mirror. He was utterly free from vanity and his inspection of himself was purely impersonal.

SOMETHING to thank his ancestry for, he reflected. No one to look at him would believe for a moment the story of his last night's adventures. would believe that he had been for hours in peril of his life, in danger of a chance bullet, in danger of his back to a wall and a dozen bullets concerning which there would be no chance whatever, in danger of broken limbs or a broken neck, committing his body to the perils of the gorges and precipices with only a few feet between him and eternity.

There were lines upon his healthy, slightly sunburned face, with its firmly chiseled features and bright, hard eyes,



"A flank movement," he remarked coolly. "Now, please tell me what you are doing in my sitting-room"

intruder from the hidden galleries, but not military police. If he crossed the frontier now into, say, Switzerland or Germany he would be weeks ahead of the time and only a trivial part of his task accomplished. The decision which he had intended to take after more leisurely reflection he arrived at now in a matter of seconds.

"If you will wait while I get into some clothes and see my coiffeur I shall be delighted," he accepted.

Greta flashed at him a little smile of content which left him pondering. Krust picked up his hat and glanced at his watch.

"At eleven o'clock," he pronounced, "we will meet you in the bar below. Rudolf shall mix us an American before we start. There is no need for you to bring a car. The thing I have hired

the heart of a great country, here was one of her principal and most ambitious citizens, with an entourage of frivolity, playing golf on the Riviera. Supposing it were true, as he had hinted, that his presence was due to a desire to visit Berati, why had Berati gone so far as to refuse to see him—a man who might, if chance favored him, become the ruler of his country? Berati had known of his presence here, had even advised Fawley to cultivate his acquaintance.

"DO YOU know the gentleman who was in here when you arrived—Monsieur Krust?" he asked his coiffeur abruptly.

The man leaned forward confidentially.

"I shave him every morning, sir," he announced. "A very great German

come at any moment. He is rung up every morning from Germany. He brought his own private telephone instrument and had it fitted here. He has spoken to Rome once or twice, too. It is my belief, sir, that he is up to some game here. From what I can make out by the papers he is just as well out of Germany while things are in this mess. He has plenty working for him there."

"Perhaps you are right," Fawley observed indifferently. "I only read the papers at intervals but it seemed to me that he had a party there and to be rather an odd thing to be so far away, with the elections coming on. . . . Just a snip on the left side, Ernest," Fawley went on, glancing into the mirror.

"The usual time tonight, sir?" the man asked, stepping back to observe his handiwork.

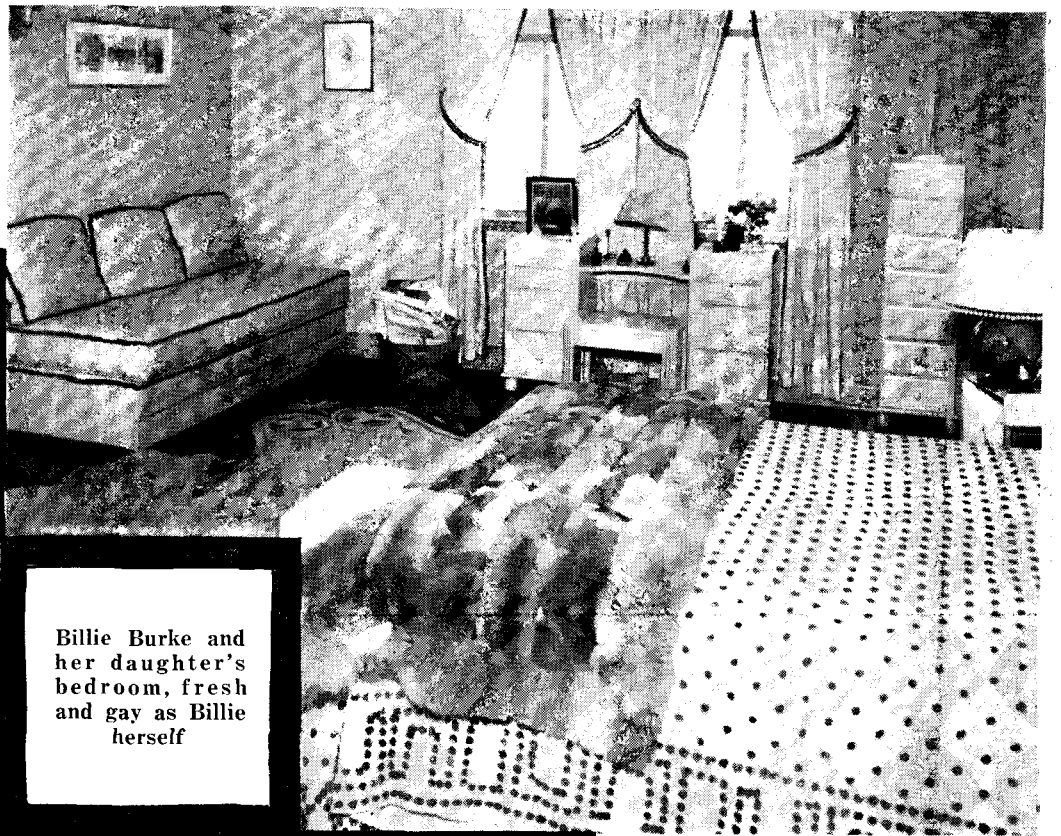
but they were the lines of experiences which had failed to age. They were the lines turning slightly upward from his mouth, the fainter ones at the corners of his eyes, the single furrow across his forehead. Life and his forebears had been kind to him. If he failed in this—the greatest enterprise of his life—it would not be his health or his nerve that would play him false. The turn of the wheel against him might do it. . . . Below him the people were streaming into the Casino. He smiled thoughtfully as he reflected that among these worshipers of the world-powerful false goddess he was the one man of whom a famous American diplomat, praising his work, had declared—"Fawley never leaves anything to chance."

The valet put his head in at the door.

(Continued on page 28)

How's Your Background?

By Hobe Erwin
as told to
Betty
Thornley Stuart



Billie Burke and her daughter's bedroom, fresh and gay as Billie herself



Constance Bennett and (left) the living-room of her Hollywood house

Does your house look like you, or like what your friends think is smart? Mr. Erwin, New York decorator, who was invited to do sets for the movies, urges individuality; and draws examples from that hotbed of individualism, Hollywood

WHAT'S wrong with interior decoration in America? That's easy. Too much polite sameness. Not enough good old ruthless individualism that says, "What do I want? What will I look well against? Why should I worry what Mrs. So-and-So hangs at her windows and puts under her feet? This house is mine!"

There's one section of America, though, to which such criticism can't be applied, and that's Hollywood. Here you find individualism all over the place—stars of strong personality to begin with, underlining and strengthening their types by their make-up, their clothes, their fads, their entertaining and their houses, so that each comes to stand to the public for a certain definite thing, obtainable nowhere else in quite such clear-cut form. If one star goes in for being a perfect lady, that doesn't stop the next one from being a

perfect hoyden, a perfect siren, a perfect fashion plate or a perfect young sophisticate, if she feels it suits her better. And what she registers in herself she's learning to put over in everything she touches. Houses were perhaps the last things to feel this, but most of those of the stars are now enough like their owners to be identifiable on sight. Nobody can sway this crowd as a unit. Each goes her own sweet way, and results are far more interesting than when based on imitation.

So, if I were decorating for you, Mrs. Constant Reader, I should never start by telling you "what's smart." I should study you—as you looked, dressed, thought and lived. Then I should try to help you to work up what I call "climactic decorating," which consists of building effects to culminate in the main piece of decoration—yourself. Only then, I believe, would we together have achieved "what's smart" in your own terms.

Choose Your Screen-Mate

To make this clear, I've picked five women of the screen, and in them I believe I've represented practically all of feminine America. They are: Katharine Hepburn, Billie Burke, Mae West, Kay Francis and Constance Bennett. Try to decide which one is most like yourself. Don't think of age—it doesn't matter. Think of appearance—but not too much. Concentrate chiefly on what

each stands for to the public—brains, charm, lure, smartness, dash or European tradition.

Now—have you chosen your screen-mate? All right. I'll go ahead and plan five houses into each of which I feel I could fit some one of these five stars. Read them all, because you may change your mind in regard to your affinity. But read most carefully the description of the house I'd plan for the star you've picked as your own type.

We'll begin with Katharine Hepburn, one of those dynamic newcomers about whom people can't agree, except to say that she's vital, intensely modern, disturbing and bound to go far because of her very differences. As I worked with her on *Little Women* one quality of her personality grew gradually to seem her very essence—courage. She loves to be faced with something challenging—something people say she can't do. She doesn't think she's going to soar over this obstacle by divine right. She's willing to work like hell, and she gets a tremendous kick out of working. Other loves of hers are cars, sport, books and music. She likes to go to bed early, after having spent the evening with a few congenial spirits who argue their heads off over this, that and the other thing, without getting mad. She's boyish, shy and almost terrifyingly honest.

Do you check? If so, here's the kind of house I'd plan for Miss Hepburn and for you: It would be above all things clean-cut, practical, with plenty of

open space and not too many curtains, carpets or frills. If you give it a name, you'd call this decoration simplified modern.

Such a house would center in a big, beautifully proportioned living-room—good windows with good views, framed by straight hangings; a wide fireplace; one, two or even three big sofas; probably a stone floor. In Miss Hepburn's case, there would be two pianos but no radio or phonograph, though you mightn't agree here. The colors in this great airy place would be all half-tones, good foils for the accents of bright blue and bright red that such people like to look at and to wear. The woods would be natural, the touches of metal not obtrusive, the materials for upholstery rough, heavy, interesting textures. If there were traditional shapes, these would represent the solidity and the beauty of the late seventeenth century rather than the elegant fripperies of the eighteenth. And there might be some very simple pieces of Chinese bamboo.

Against the serene gravity of this background, there would stand out things chosen spontaneously because Miss Hepburn—or you—like them. A pair of very fine old bronze horses, South American or Mexican silver. Simple, heavy, sophisticated French glass to take long sprays of eucalyptus, larkspur or deep roses. Lamps would be natural wood with plain parchment shades, or smoothly finished stone.

Now for Contrast

How does it strike you? A fine place for thinking cleanly and clearly? Or too bare, too aloof? If you aren't the Hepburn type, you won't click.

Then think of decoration in terms of Billie Burke. Here is charm personified, sweetness made visible, delicacy incarnate, the quality of a flower that, miraculously, never withers.

The house I should do for Miss Burke and for you who are like her, would be high, sharp and clear in color, bubbling with gayety. There would be pot-pourri in bowls in the hall, but also good-looking chests for stowing away anything wanted in a hurry, such as tennis rackets and rain shoes. The first thing you'd see in the cheerful living-room would be a large sofa in front of the

(Continued on page 47)

THINK OF YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN

THEY'RE A LOT SAFER IN A BODY OF STEEL!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT is directed exclusively to you men who have families . . . to men whose wives and children like to ride in automobiles.

It is not an appeal to your emotions. Instead, we're going to talk just good, plain common-sense.

You want your wife and children to have protection at all times . . . whether you are with them or not. That's why you bought life insurance for them.

How can you best protect them when they are out riding on busy highways? How can you guard them against the fellow who dashes out of a side-street?

There's one logical thing that you can do. You can give them a family car to ride in that has Hydraulic Brakes and an all-steel Body.

You don't swerve out of line with Plymouth Hydraulic Brakes. They stop you straight ahead because they're self-equalized. At a touch of the foot they take hold. And that means a lot to a woman.

Surely there is no need to stress the fact that a steel body is the safest possible kind. That's a self-evident truth. No one can deny the importance of this extra safeguard on today's crowded highways.

If you agree with these statements, you'll want your next car to be a Plymouth. For it is the *only* low-priced car that has both these vital safety features. It is also the only one with both comfort features you all need . . . Individual (knee-type) Springs and Floating Power Engine Mountings.

Perhaps you've never owned a Plymouth before. That is all the more reason for finding out how much extra value this car has to offer. Ask any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer for a demonstration.



NOW COMPARE THESE VALUES... Prices as low as \$485 for Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six \$560 up. De Luxe models start at \$595. All prices f.o.b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments to fit your budget on the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH \$485

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F. O. B. FACTORY
DETROIT

**SOLD BY DODGE, DE SOTO
AND CHRYSLER DEALERS**

Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1934, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD MCLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

TAMARA TODIUNTER, who, after five happy years in a Canadian convent, has joined her poverty-stricken family in San Francisco, is in a terrifying dilemma. The only man she has ever loved—Maynard Malory, a Hollywood actor whom she has trusted blindly—has jilted her, left her to solve the most serious problem which can confront any woman. Panic-stricken, mistrusting her family (her shiftless mother; her wastrel brother, Lance; Coral, her giddy, conscienceless sister) she turns to gentle Mother Laurence, her idol in her convent days. Mother Laurence takes her under her wing; and on Christmas Day, in the rambling country home of Mrs. Mary Hutton, a girlhood friend of the nun, Tamara becomes a mother.

Eight years pass. Tamara, now a successful actress, is again in love. The man—George Davis—is a brilliant but dissipated lawyer who, following years spent in wandering aimlessly here and there, is on the verge of ruin, because of drink. Firm in her resolve to save him, Tamara makes an astonishing discovery. In his watch is the picture of a sweet-faced woman. *Mary Hutton!* Seeing that picture, Tamara's thoughts flash back to a strange story told her by Mary several years before—the story of her lost boy, driven from home by his stepfather. Saying nothing to "George Davis," she plans a happy surprise for him: a meeting with his mother, of whose whereabouts he knows nothing and whom he adores. . . . Meanwhile, the young lawyer has been undergoing a startling metamorphosis. Inspired by his love for Tamara, he has ceased drinking, joined the staff of a great law firm, made his plans to become district attorney. And having listened to Tamara's life story (she tells him everything) he tells her he loves her, implores her to marry him.

Tamara makes no promises. But, a few days later, she takes him to Mary Hutton's home, where she witnesses his joyous meeting with his mother, who, to the world at large, is known as Tamara's aunt and the grandmother of little "Mary Laurence," who (as the world little dreams) is Tamara's daughter. And there, in that placid, peaceful spot, she makes the most momentous decision of her life; a decision fraught with unsuspected peril.

VII

THE day went into an unreal and dreamlike beauty that made Tam feel that she was floating—flying, rather than going about the old familiar house and garden on her two feet. She and Mary picked up black figs and gathered fresh raspberries, and put a bowl filled with them on the ice for supper. Hong helped them clear the table on the old terrace, brought out fringed napkins and green glasses. The sun was descending in glory and sending spikes of light across the garden and the lawn before the two who were talking in the grape arbor moved.

Then they came up to the house frankly wet of eyes and still shaken in manner, and Mary Hutton quite simply kissed Tam.

"This is the Lord's doing and it is wonderful in mine eyes," she said. And then, in her usual manner: "You're having supper out here? That's wonderful. Mary, will you take Uncle George up to the spare room and show him where to put his things?"

"Tam, this is pretty," George said. He put his arm around her. The languid summer day's last rays of red light fell like swords through the still, hazy air. Wet wallflowers, wet stock and sweet alyssum, verbena and border pinks scented the quiet world; the long shadows of great trees lay across the garden and on the mellowed walls of the old white house.

Presently they sat down to supper on

the terrace. The sun was gone now, but there was still light, and through it the first silver glow of the great, rising moon was shining. Moonlight and twilight mingled in an enchanted soft glory into which the dull radiance from Lee Wing's kitchen sent red bars.

There was little talk. Mary chattered occasionally and Tam dreamily answered her; the other two were almost silent. But Tam noted how much of the time George's big hand lay over his mother's square, garden-marked fingers, and when Mary Hutton did speak Tam heard the new husky, gentle note in her voice.

AFTER dinner, when little Mary had been long in bed, she and George wandered up the lane to the orchard, and on toward the redwoods, and looked down at the lights of the village and the furry, rounded outlines of the trees under the streaming brilliance of the summer moon. They sat on a low fence of piled stones, George's arm about her, and talked of their marriage.

"How soon, Tam?"

"Well—when the Elliot case is finished?"

"When the Elliot case is finished. We'll be married the day after, and go off to Huntington Lake the next day."

"Into the big, high, clean mountains," the girl mused.

"We'll pack up everything the night before. You've got to have comfortable slacks and boots and sweaters, you know, Tam; it gets cold up there. We'll stay at the Huntington Lake Hotel the first night, and the next day pick up

The district attorney began his onslaught viciously, reminding the jury that no life was safe while fiends like this murderers were at large



Roy and the horses and go in to the camp."

"And then three weeks of heaven!" Tam said. "Mountains and pines and the river, and fishing and riding. I've not been on a horse since I was at school. I'm going to ride every day while you're finishing with Hatty Elliot, so that I'll be ready."

"Poor Hatty, she's gotten herself in kind of deep!"

"It would be wonderful, George, if you could get that girl off," Tam said. "It would be a good omen."

"Well, I'm going to do my best. I only took the case yesterday, but it doesn't look to me they've got a case against her. Old man Martell hates Oscar Mullins—don't know why, some political scrap. Mullins, you know, is the present district attorney, and the guy I've got to beat if I get the nomination. He wants it himself—naturally. Old Martell thinks this case would be a good one for me to win on account of the district attorneyship."

"Mullins will try to hang her, of course."

"Well, it's his job. And I don't know that we can make out much of a case for her. I'm going to see her tomorrow, and see the woman who is the state's star witness. She's a Swede, I believe—her name's Carlingsen—and I doubt if she knows what it's all about. She claims Hatty Elliot told her she was going to kill the baby and asked her about poison; I don't know. It doesn't look any too sweet. But let's talk about ourselves, Tam. How about house hunting tomorrow?"

Her blue eyes danced with joy; the age-old delight of the woman considering kitchen, fireplace, closet spaces absorbed her.

"Oh, George, if you could find time to rush up and see my place on Taylor Street!" she exclaimed. "With the bay right in the front yard! Mother—Mother was white with jealousy. They are going to live in Culver City, and she hates it!"

And both she and George stopped to laugh, as they always laughed when Willette's third marital venture was under consideration. A stout, elderly man in the theatrical advertising business had fallen a victim to Willette's preserved and augmented charms and unabated vivacity.

AND while the Elliot case was moving upon its sensational way, and Tamara was happily searching out curtains and blue saucepans for the Taylor Street flat, Willette and her "Mort" slipped away quietly one afternoon and pledged their mutual vows, permitting Willette's amused and sympathetic daughter to take them to a noon breakfast at the Palace Hotel afterward and escort them to the Los Angeles train.

"Well, and that's over!" Tam said with a great breath of relief to George the next day. "And you've safely landed the nomination and *that's* over! Now the Elliot case has got to get finished off, and then away we go to the High Sierras!"

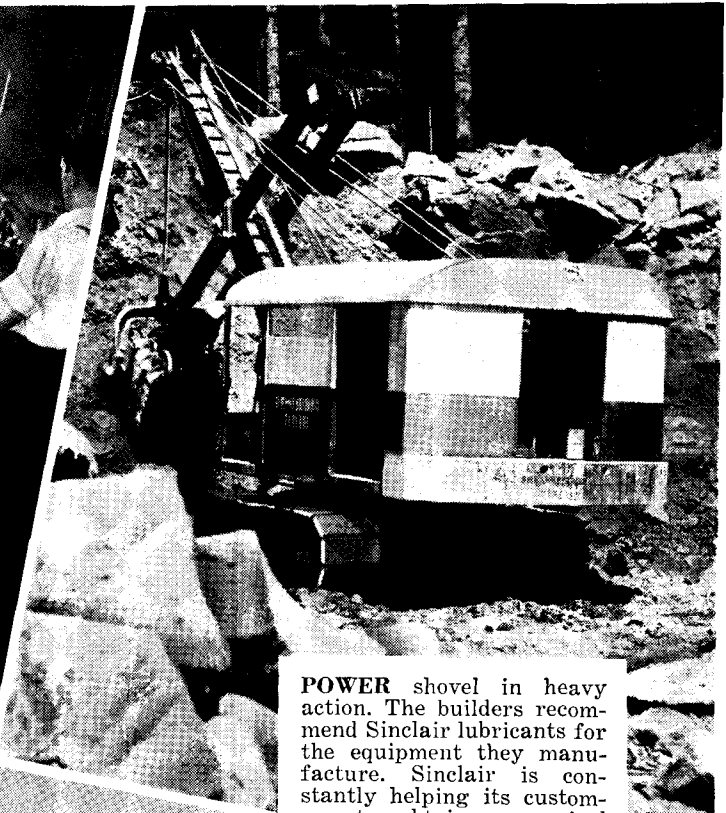
"What gets me is the excitement of it," George mused. "Do you suppose

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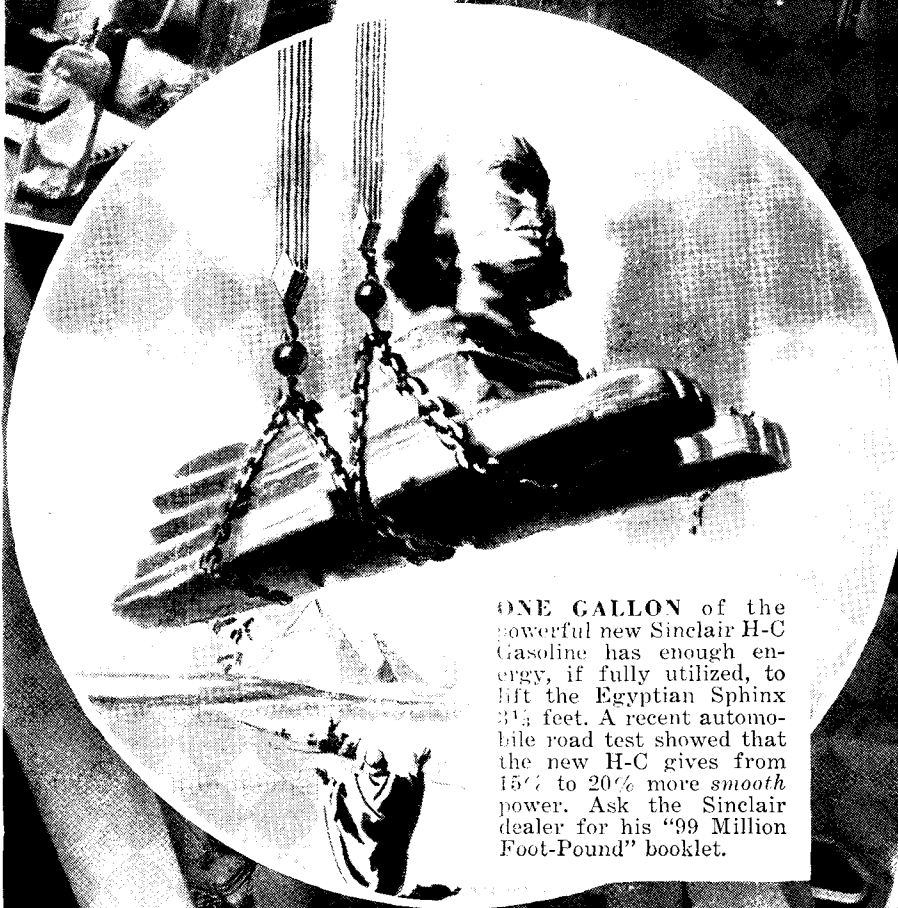
SOLVES NEW LUBRICATING PROBLEMS



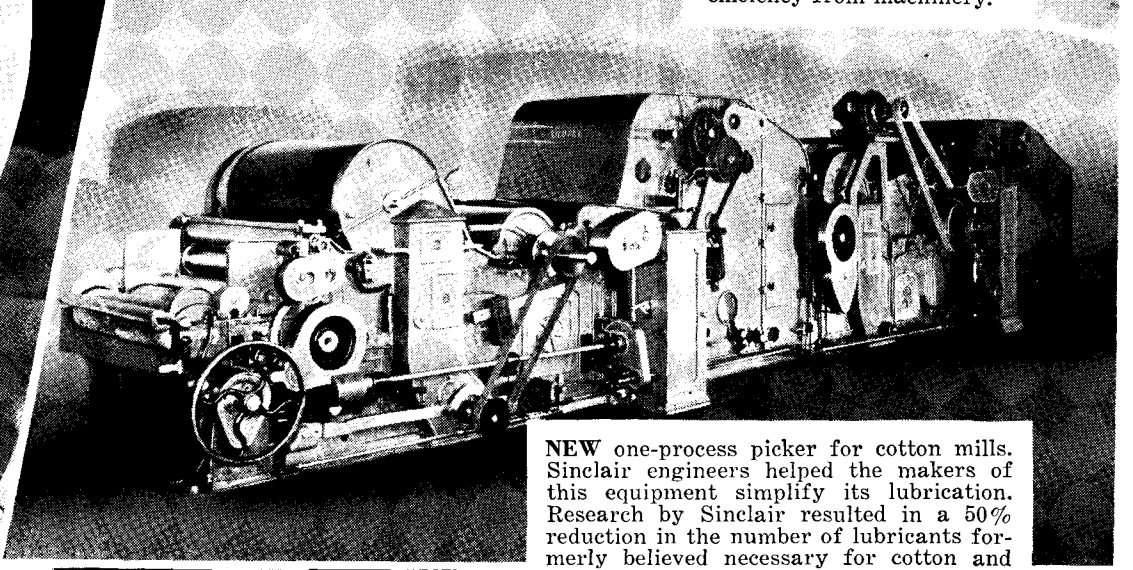
ANALYTICAL LABO-
RATORY section of the
Sinclair testing labora-
tories at East Chicago.
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voted to solving diffi-
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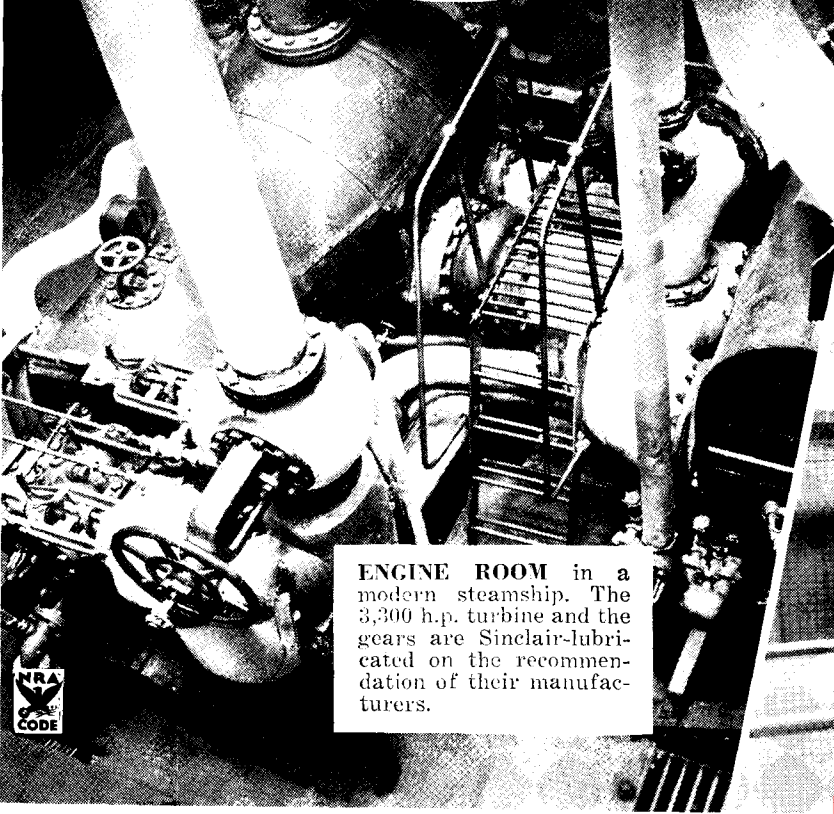
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it's always so *exciting*? Is everyone as crazy as we are?"

"Well, we've been through some pretty deep waters," Tam said. "We're not kids. It's a sort of miracle to find each other after so long. And then I'm—I'm awfully fond of you, George," she ended, with an oblique glance. George's hand tightened on her elbow.

They were walking toward the City Hall; the case of the State of California versus Hatty Elliot was almost ended. George was to present his final summing-up today; Tamara was attending the whole day's session to hear him, to hear the district attorney review the case for the State, and the judge's charge.

"George, if you were district attorney—I mean when you are, in November—everyone says you will be—what will you do in a case like this?"

"Where I thought the girl innocent, you mean?"

"Yes. Wouldn't you have to try to prove she was guilty?"

"Well, no; not exactly that. The State has indicted her, of course, and it's my business to prove why. But there are cases—we had cases when I was working with Reilly, when it more or less developed the other way, and in that case you sum up the points against the accused—don't get very eloquent about 'em, and the verdict's 'Not guilty,' and everyone understands."

"And you honestly don't think Hatty Elliot did it, George?"

"NO, SHE didn't do it. The man she was living with was a bum and a drunk, and she certainly didn't want the baby. But she's a scared, dumb little thing; she wouldn't kill a sick cat. She was put into a home for wayward girls when she was only eleven."

"Eleven!"

"Yep. She never had much of a break. Then soon after she was let out, this loafer Johnson got hold of her and she went the usual route. I put her on the stand yesterday and she told the court that she never had had a baby in her arms until she had her own. It

was born in that filthy lair where he was doing the counterfeiting; of course she didn't know what to do about it!"

"There, but for the grace of God, goes Tamara Todhunter!" Tam said.

"I thought of that—not of you but of me. Johnson, testifying yesterday, was pretty awful. He hadn't been sober for months—big, bloated fellow who looked bewildered like a bull, and kept getting off wisecracks at the judge. 'There might be George Davis,' I said to myself."

"We're just lucky, I guess," Tam said, walking along at his side in the sweet summer morning sunshine. It was unusually warm for the foggiest city. Awnings were out on Polk Street; Japanese boys were watering down the sidewalks, and streamers of ribbon blew over banks of fruit in the market stalls.

"Will it be lovely in the high mountains next week!" Tam sang.

They entered the big City Hall that faced the park and was flanked by the auditorium, the library, the opera house. Tam always felt a thrill of excitement when she went to court. Today she and George made their way to the private door. A crowd was already gathering at the entrance; the end of the Hatty Elliot case had attracted the sensation-loving world. Tamara had a chair in the front row and could settle back comfortably with her arm against the window sill, and watch the room fill, and the murmuring men who were coming and going inside the enclosure. Presently Mullins, the district attorney, came in with his assistant. Mullins, a red-faced, truculent-looking man, Tamara instantly disliked because he would soon oppose George at the polls. The prisoner came in. A woman friend stopped her for a moment and their two dull, sodden, despondent faces were close together. Then Hatty sat down, and George immediately spoke to her.

She was a dreadful person in appearance, her stiff, straight hair losing its yellow dye, her face full and stupid, her clothing bundled and rumped. She wore a red sweater under a loose old

brown coat with pink felt lapels; she seemed cold and grated her coarse, red hands together in the warm courtroom. But there was a patient, helpless look in her eyes that somehow appealed to Tamara and made her heart feel sick with pity and dread. For there was a heavy case against Hatty Elliot, and probably on this lovely summer day, with the Davises all ready to get away for a month's honeymoon in the High Sierras, the jury would bring in a verdict of "Guilty," which would require the judge to sentence this living, suffering, fearing young creature to an awful death.

LEAVING the Rescue Home for Depraved Girls, Hatty had taken a job as housemaid with a family in the lonely, silent reaches of Piedmont's quietest environs. She had been terribly lonely there, and a debt of one hundred and seventy dollars to a dentist had prevented her from buying herself clothes or amusements. After eleven months of it she had come over to the city to keep house for Tony Johnson. And that had been only a year ago.

Tony and his associates, unknown to themselves, had been for some time under surveillance by the police. Counterfeit money and Tony had seemed to be strangely connected, and it was upon the counterfeiting suspicion that police had broken into Tony's place on a bitter winter morning to find Hatty sick and alone in a filthy bed with a poisoned baby dead and rolled up in old blankets in a fruit box near by, and every evidence of hunger, cold, penury, illness, animal-like ignorance added to the open evidence of crime.

Tamara had attended the court session several days before, to hear the testimony that proved that Hatty had asked a neighbor woman how a person could kill a baby, and had herself bought the carbolic acid from which the four-weeks-old child had died. She had seen the faces of the jury as they listened. Leaving the court to buy khaki skirts, new grills, trout-flies, Tamara had reflected upon such a life as this wretched

girl's, and today she wondered how George could smile at Hatty as he did, how he could encourage her to believe that anything but the darkest of all dark fates was ahead. She was near enough to hear him say, "Cheer up, Hatty. I think they're going to be kind to you," and she looked at the twelve impassive faces in the jury box and felt a chill at her heart.

"Oh, dear, I wish I didn't care!" Tamara thought, as the district attorney began his onslaught viciously, reminding the jury that no life was safe while fiends incarnate like this murderer were at large, and moved on through the sordid details of her youthful degeneracy, her petty thefts, runaways, escapades to her final complete abandonment of morality as shown by her joining this man, this thief, ex-convict, forger—

"No hope! George must know there's no hope," Tam thought as the impassioned, eloquent phrases went on and on. And she could have embraced the newspaper-man nearest her for his thoughtful whisper at the highest point of the attack: "Lay off, Mullins. It won't get you anywhere!"

When Mullins sat down, wiping his brow after fifty-five minutes of denunciation, George quietly stood up. For a few dreadful minutes Tam thought that his manner indicated that he had completely lost interest in Hatty, had abandoned hope. George was thoughtful, almost abstracted in manner, now and then he looked at Mullins, but he was facing the jury, and his appeal was of course made to them.

"THIS girl, had she fully understood what it was all about, could have presented a case for herself that would have kept her from ever seeing the inside of this courtroom," George said. "Hatty Elliot is not experienced in legal matters and she was bewildered by the thunderbolt that fell on her."

The splendid, unstrained voice went on, not so much persuasive as reasonable; there was a restfulness about it after Mullins' pyrotechnics. Tamara, listening intently, as everyone else was listening, felt her heart begin to thump—thump—thump with the painful beginnings of hope. George couldn't—it wasn't possible—it simply couldn't be that Hatty Elliot had a chance—?

"... and this neighbor—not the State witness she was later persuaded to be—but a friendly neighbor when she used to visit Hatty Elliot, told you herself how she accented that phrase," George was presently saying. "This neighbor, Ella Carlingsen, was on this stand for an hour, and for that whole time that one phrase, those few words, were under discussion. She didn't change the intonation, did she? She's a simple woman herself; she didn't realize how the police had interpreted that phrase when they first wrote it down; it was just words in a strange tongue to her."

"She says that she went over to see Hatty Elliot the day the baby was two weeks old. The girl had no money, no fire, no food; she was nursing her child. Ella Carlingsen tells Hatty that children are a terrible care and expense and commiserates her, and Hatty says, 'Ella, how could *anyone* destroy a baby?' Not, ladies and gentlemen, what it means when you leave the accent off, is it? Write it down and it says, 'How can I kill this child, how can I destroy my baby?' But say it as Hatty Elliot said it, and as Ella Carlingsen has accented it every time she repeated it, and you have something different. *Then* you have a girl of twenty, ignorant, cheated out of youth, victimized by circumstances and society and vice into a life not of her choosing, a life the most

(Continued on page 41)



They turned eastward, and the glory of the late summer afternoon possessed a hushed and dreaming world

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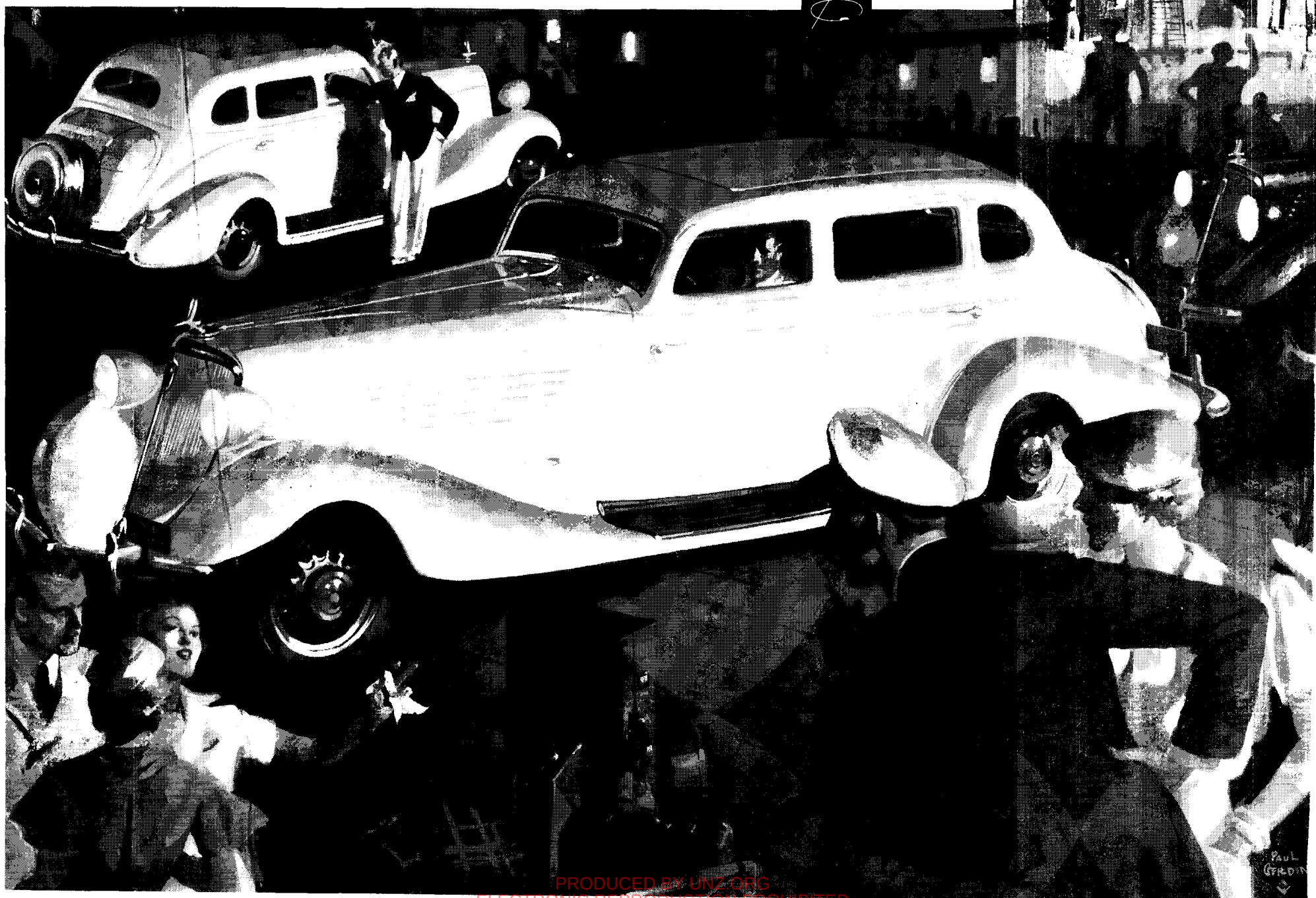
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"Your bath is ready, sir," he announced respectfully.

Several minor surprises were in store for Fawley that morning. On the first tee, having to confess to a handicap of two at St. Andrews and Krust speaking of a nebulous twenty, he offered his opponent a stroke a hole, which was enthusiastically accepted. Fawley, who had an easy and graceful swing, cut his first drive slightly but still lay two hundred yards down the course a little to the left side. Krust, wielding a driver with an enormous head, took up a most extraordinary posture. He stood with both feet planted upon the ground and he moved on to his toes and back on to his heels once or twice as though to be sure that his stance was rigid. After that he drew the clubhead back like lightning, lifted it barely past his waist and, without moving either foot from the ground in the slightest degree and with only the smallest attempt at a pivot, drove the ball steadily down the course to within twenty yards of Fawley's. The latter tried to resist a smile.

"Does Mr. Krust do that every time?" he asked Greta, who had attached herself to his side.

She nodded. "And you need not smile about it," she enjoined. "You wait till the eighteenth green."

For eleven holes Krust played the golf of an automatic but clumsy machine. Only once did he lift his left heel from the ground and then he almost missed the ball altogether. The rest of the time he played every shot, transforming himself into a steady and immovable pillar and simply supplying all the force necessary with his arms and wrists.

In due course the match was finished and Fawley tasted the sweets of defeat.

"I think," he told his companion good-humoredly, "that you are the most remarkable golfer I have ever seen."

Krust smiled all over his face.

"With a figure like mine," he demanded, "what would you do? I have watched others. I have seen how little the body counts for. Only the arms and wrists. Now you pay me the price of a ball and I stand drinks for everybody and lunch to follow."

"The loser pays for lunch," Fawley declared cheerfully. "I accept the cocktails, warning you that I am going to drink two."

"And I also," Greta remarked. "I must console myself for my partner's defeat!"

LUNCHEON was a pleasant meal. They sat in the bald, undecorated restaurant with its high windows, out of which they seemed in incredibly close touch with the glorious panorama of snow-capped hills rolling away to the mists.

"There is no worse golf course in the world," Krust declared enthusiastically, "but there is none set in more beautiful surroundings. My heart is heavy these days but the air here makes me feel like a boy. I make of life a failure—I come here with the disappointed cry of the people I love in my ears and I can forget."

"We help," Nina pleaded softly, laying her hand upon his sleeve.

"Yes, you help," he admitted with a curiously clouded look in his blue eyes. "Youth can always help middle age. Still, it remains a terrible thing for a man of action to remain idle. Would it break your hearts, my two little beams of sunshine, if we packed our trunks and sailed away northward?"

"It would break mine," Greta declared, touching Fawley's hand as though by accident.

"And mine," Nina echoed.

That was the last of serious conversation until they descended some short

time after luncheon into the principal-ity. In the hall of the hotel Fawley handed his golf clubs to the porter and took his leave somewhat abruptly. He had scarcely reached his room, however, before there was a knock at the door. Krust entered. Fawley welcomed him a little grudgingly.

"Sorry if I hurried away," he apologized, "but I really have work to do."

"FIVE minutes," Krust begged. "I understand something of your profession, Major Fawley. I passed some time in our own Foreign Office. For the moment, though, it happens that I must disregard it. I have not the temperament that brooks too long delay. Answer me, please. Our friend in Rome spoke to you of my presence here? Did he give you any message, any word as to his decision?"

"None whatever," Fawley replied

"Listen," Krust insisted. "There is a scheme. It was Berati's, I admit that, although it came perhaps from a brain greater than his—someone who stands in the shadows behind him. It called for a swift alliance between Germany and Italy. An Anglo-Saxon neutrality. Swift action. Africa for Italy. A non-military Germany but a Germany which would soon easily rule the world. And when the moment comes to strike, Berati is hesitating! He hesitates only with whom to deal in Germany. He dares to hesitate between one who has the confidence of the whole German nation and a man who has been cast aside like a pricked bladder, whose late adherents are swarming into my camp, and the man whose name, were it once pronounced, would be the ruin of our scheme. And he cannot decide! I have had enough. I am forbidden to approach Berati—courteously, firmly.



"Do you know anything about this, Metcalf?"

FRANK BEAVEN

cautiously. "To tell you the truth, I don't know what you are talking about."

A flaming light shone for a moment in the cold blue eyes.

"That is Berati—the Italian of him—the oversubtlety! The world is ours if he will make up his mind, and he hesitates between me—who have more real power in Germany than any other man—and one who must be nameless even between us, but to whom if he leaned, our whole great scheme would go 'pop' like an exploded shell. Were you to make reports upon me? To give an opinion of my capacity?"

"I had other work to do here," Fawley said calmly. "I was simply told to cultivate your acquaintance. The rest I thought would come later."

"It may come too late," Krust declared. "Berati cannot trifle and twiddle his thumbs forever. Listen, Major Fawley. How much do you know of what is on the carpet?"

"Something," Fawley admitted. "Broad ideas. That's all. Nothing certain. I am working from hand to mouth."

Very well. By tomorrow morning I come back to you with the truth."

Fawley was mystified. He knew very well that his companion was moved by a rare passion but exactly what had provoked it was hard to tell.

"Look here, Herr Krust—" he began.

It was useless. The man seemed to have lost control of himself. He stamped up and down the room. He passed through the inner and the outer doors leading into the corridor. A few moments later Fawley, from his balcony, saw the huge car in which they had driven up to Mont Agel circle round by the Casino and turn northward. . . . Fawley, with a constitution as nearly as possible perfect for his thirty-seven years, felt a sense of not altogether unpleasant weariness as he turned away from the window. His night of strenuous endeavor, physical and mental, his golf that morning in the marvelous atmosphere of Mont Agel had their effect. He was suddenly weary.

He discarded his golf clothes, took a shower, put on an old smoking suit and

threw himself upon the bed. In five minutes he was asleep. When he awoke the sunshine had changed to twilight, a twilight that was almost darkness. He glanced at his watch. It was seven o'clock. He had slept for three hours and a half. He swung himself off the bed and suddenly paused to listen. There was a light through the chink of the door leading into his salon. He listened again for a moment, then he opened the first door softly and tried the handle of the second, only to find it locked against him. Someone was in his salon surreptitiously, someone who had dared to turn his own key against him!

HIS first impulse was to smile at the ingenuousness of such a proceeding. He thrust on a dressing-gown, took a small automatic from one of the drawers of his bureau, stole out into the corridor and knocked at the door of the sitting-room. For a moment or two there was silence. Whoever was inside had evidently not taken the trouble to prepare against outside callers. A sound like the crumpling of paper had ceased. The light went out and was then turned on again. The door was opened. Greta stood there utterly taken by surprise.

"A flank movement," he remarked coolly, closing the door behind him. "Now, young lady, please tell me what you are doing in my sitting-room and why you locked the door against me."

She was speechless for a moment. Fawley crossed the room and stood on the other side of the table behind which she had retreated. His eyes traveled swiftly round the apartment. A large dispatch box of formidable appearance had been disturbed but not apparently opened. One of the drawers of his writing desk had been pulled out.

"Is this an effort on your own behalf, Miss Greta?" he continued, "or are you trying to give your uncle a little assistance?"

"You are not very nice to me," she complained pathetically. "Are you not pleased to find me here?"

"Well," he answered, "that depends."

She threw herself into an easy-chair. "Are you angry that I have ventured to pay you a visit?" she persisted.

He sighed.

"If only the visit were to me! On the other hand I find myself locked out of my own salon."

"Locked out," she repeated wonderingly. "Just what do you mean? So far from locking you out I was wondering whether I dared come and disturb you."

HE MOVED across toward the double doors and opened them without difficulty.

"H'm, that's odd," he observed, looking round at her quickly. "I tried this inner door just now. It seemed to me to be locked."

"I too, I found it stiff," she said. "I first thought that you had locked yourself in, then I found that it gave quite easily if one turned the right way."

"You have been into my bedroom?"

She smiled up into his face.

"Do you mind? My uncle has gone away—no one knows where. Nina has gone motoring with a friend to Nice. I am left alone. I do not like being by myself. I come along here. I knock softly at the door of your sitting-room. No reply. I enter. Emptiness. I think I will see if you are sleeping. I open both those doors without any particular difficulty. I see you lying on the bed. I go softly over. You sleep—oh, how you were sleeping!"

Her eyes met Fawley's without flinching. There stole into his brain a faint recollection that some time during that deep slumber of his there had come to him a dreamlike suggestion of a per-

(Continued on page 30)

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The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 28

fume which had reminded him of the girl, a faint consciousness not strong enough to wake him of the presence of something agreeable. She was probably telling him the truth.

"I had not the heart to wake you," she went on. "I stole out again. I sat in your easy-chair and I waited."

"I perceive," he pointed out, "that a drawer of my writing table is open and that my dispatch box has changed its position."

Her eyes opened a little wider.

"You do not think that I am a thief?"

"How can I tell? Why did you open that drawer?"

"To find some note paper. I thought that I would write some letters."

"Why did you move my dispatch box?"

"For the same purpose," she assured him. "I found it locked, so I left it alone. Do you think that I came to steal something? Can you not believe that I came because I was lonely—to see you?"

He smiled.

"To tell you the truth," he admitted, "I cannot see what else you could have come for. I have no secrets from Mr. Krust."

She moved across and stood beside him. She was wearing some sort of negligee, between golf and dinner costume, something in one piece with vivid flashes of scarlet and wide sleeves, and her arm rested affectionately upon his shoulders.

"Please do not be horrid to me," she begged. "Mr. Krust has been very kind to me. If we could help him—either Nina or I—we should do so, but not at your expense."

"You would have no chance, little Greta," he told her with a very gentle caress. "Since we seem to be arriving at an understanding tell me what I can do for you."

"FIRST of all," she said, drawing her arm tighter around him, "try to believe that I am not the frivolous little idiot I sometimes try to appear. Secondly, believe also that when I came here this afternoon the great thing in my mind was to see you, not to be like one of the adventuresses of fiction and pry about for papers, and thirdly, as I am left all alone, I thought perhaps you might take pity on me and ask me to dine—just you and I alone—only much later."

He looked out of the window at the flashing lamps of the square.

"My dear," he protested, "you are inviting me to flirt with you."

"Is it so difficult?" she whispered. "I am much nicer than you think I am. I am much fonder of you than you could believe."

"It would not be difficult at all," he assured her. "But, alas, how would you feel when I told you, as I would have to very soon, that most of the time when I am not thinking of more serious things I spend thinking of another woman?"

It was several moments before she spoke.

"I would be sorry," she confessed. "But, after all, the days are past when a man thinks only of one woman. Who is she, please?"

"What does it matter?" he answered. "I am not sure that I trust her any more than I trust you. The truth of it is I am a clumsy fellow with women. I have lived so long with the necessity of trusting no one that I cannot get out of the habit of it."

She hesitated for a moment.

"I can be truthful," she said earnestly. "With you I would like to be. It was not writing paper I searched for in your drawer and if I could have opened your box I should have done so. I have a bunch of keys in my pocket."

"But what is it you are hoping to find?" he asked.

"Mr. Krust," she said, "thinks that you must know toward which party in Germany Berati is leaning. He thinks that you must know the reason why he is not allowed to go to Rome."

"Supposing I assured you," he told her, "that I have not the faintest idea what lies behind Berati's mind. He has not asked my advice nor given me his opinion. I have learned more from Mr. Krust than from him. I have not a single paper in my possession which would interest you in any way. If I might make a wild guess it would be that Berati is afraid that Krust might gain access to and influence the greater man who stands behind him."

"Is that the truth?" she asked fervently.

"It is the honest truth," he assured

life there. I am rather curious. I find the political parties almost impossible to understand. You may make a disciple of me!"

"Perhaps," she murmured as she took her very reluctant leave, "we might find something even more interesting to talk about than German politics."

FAWLEY felt that fate treated him scurvily that evening. Some great European notable staying in the Hotel de France had taken it into his head to entertain the local royalty, who seldom if ever were seen in public, and Greta and he had scarcely established themselves at their corner table before, amidst a buzz of interest, a very distinguished company of guests made their way towards the magnificently be-



"All right. I don't say your dogs aren't smart—but did you ever see a possum wear pants?"

her. "You see, therefore, that I am useless so far as regards your schemes. Realizing that, if you would like to dine with me I should be delighted."

"If you want me to," she consented eagerly. "I believe you think that I am very terrible. Perhaps I am, but not in the way you imagine. Do you want me to dine with you, Major Fawley? Would it give you pleasure?"

"OF COURSE it would," he answered. "I warn you that I am a very wooden sort of person but I am alone for tonight at any rate and you are not an unattractive young woman, are you?"

She smiled a little oddly.

"Well, I do not know," she said. "I think that unless a clever man has a flair for women we girls have little to offer. What time, please?"

"Nine o'clock," he decided. "You shall tell me about Germany and the

flowered and ornamented table which had been reserved for them.

There were princes and princesses in the gathering, dukes and duchesses, men and women of note in every walk of life and—Elida. She came toward the end of the procession, walking side by side with a famous English diplomat, and she passed within a yard or two of Fawley's table. For the moment he was taken unawares. He half rose to his feet, his eyes even sought hers, but in vain. If she was surprised at seeing him there and under such circumstances, she gave no sign. She passed on without a break in her conversation, easily the most distinguished-looking figure of the party, in her plain black frock and her famous pearls.

"What a beautiful woman!" Greta sighed, "and I believe that you know her."

Fawley, who had recovered from his momentary aberration, smiled.

"Yes," he admitted, "once upon a time I knew her—slightly."

"What will she think of you?" Greta reflected. "I wonder how long it is since you have met. Will she think that you have married or that, like everyone else who comes to this quaint corner of the world, you have brought with you your favorite companion?"

"She probably won't think of me at all," Fawley replied. "We only met for one day and ours was rather a stormy acquaintance, as a matter of fact."

"She is more beautiful than I am," Greta confessed naively. "She looks very cold, though. I am not cold. I have too much heart. I think that is the pity about Germans. We are abused all over the world, I know, but we are too sentimental."

"Sentimentality is supposed to be one of your national characteristics," Fawley observed, "but I do not think your men at any rate allow it to stand in the way of business—of their progress in life, perhaps I should say."

"Adolf Krust is sentimental," she continued, "but with him all his feelings seem to be centered on his country. He loves women, but they mean little to him. He is what I call a passionate patriot. At any cost, anyhow, he wants to see Germany stand where she did among the nations."

"Almost the same with you, isn't it?" She shook her head.

"Not quite. Very few women in the world have ever put love of country before love of their lover. I suppose we are too selfish. I am fond of Germany, although I see her faults, but she could not possibly occupy all my affections."

"You are rather intriguing, aren't you?" he remarked. "I should like to know you better."

"ASK me questions, then," she suggested.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Where were you educated?"

"In London, Paris, Dresden, a short time for my voice in Milan. I may be anything you like to fancy but I have never known poverty."

"And Krust, he is really your uncle?" She hesitated.

"We are rather on delicate ground," she remarked, "because Nina is in this, of course. No, he is not our uncle. Nina and I have both developed a passion for politics. Nina worked for some time in a public office without salary. It was through her that I became interested. Now I honestly believe politics—we use the word in Germany in a broader sense than you do—has become the great interest of my life. I want Krust to be Chancellor and, more still, I want him, when the proper time comes, to decide how Germany shall be governed."

"What about the President?"

"A stupid office. One man is enough to rule any country. If he fails he should be either shot or deposed. Adolf Krust is the only man whom the great mass of Germans would trust. What we need in Central Europe is a shock. People would make up their minds then quickly. At present we are drifting. That is why Krust, who hates to leave his work for a moment, who hates games and the sunshine of foreign places and gambling and all recreations, has come down here to be nearer to the one man who seems to hold the fate of Europe in his hand just now. He will be disappointed. I feel that. His rival has powerful agents at work in Italy."

"I am a little confused about German affairs," Fawley confessed. "Who is his rival?"

She took a long draught of champagne. Then—"Heinrich Behrling," she said.

(To be continued next week)

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Alias Senator Blaney

Continued from page 9

Last night he was happy, serenely detached, as care-free as a dramatic critic watching the show from C1, orchestra. Now he was harried and embarrassed, almost flustered.

"Listen, Freddy," he said thickly, "I thought I knew what politicians had to take. Well—I was wrong."

"You can stand it for a year and two months, Sam," I said. "And think of the experience and the—"

"And the hell."

"Hester has her heart set on it. You owe her something, don't you?"

SAM looked at the floor a long time. He was wavering.

"I guess I ought to do it . . . for her sake," he muttered. "She's tried hard to make something out of me—"

"That's the spirit, Chief!" I exclaimed. "Cy wants your statement in time for the Frisco. Shall I put it on the wire?"

"No . . . hold on"—he was frowning and chewing at his pipestem—"it's that quart Heber Slattery gave me. I can't get over the feeling that something's screwy. I never rated a quart of public utility hooch before—"

"You'll be our only Administration senator," I said. "Naturally, Heber wants to be friends."

Sam shook his head like a wary, stubborn Pike County farmer in a horse trade.

"A drink or two—yep. Maybe even a pint. But not a full quart of imported stuff. I know Heber, Freddy. He never wastes his drawing account."

I tried to kid Sam:

"I suppose you consider he's trying to buy your vote with eight dollars' worth of liquor?"

"I've discovered something else," he said slowly. "Pat's going to shake up the Public Service Commission. Something's screwy." He came to an abrupt decision. "Freddy, I want you to find old Slats. Tell him confidentially that I've decided to accept the senatorship. I ain't, but you tell him that. Tell him no one knows but the three of us. Tell him he can find me in the cellar at the Dutchman's."

"But can't I tip the office—"

"Nope. Not a word to any man except Slats."

And Sam slouched wearily into a chair. As I left he was staring out a window at the capitol dome.

I FOUND Heber Slattery at the Commercial Hotel. He was buying lunches and drinks for two downstate representatives. He greeted my news with a broad, triumphant grin.

About two hours later, I was waiting outside the Senate chamber to pick up a copy of the new districting bill, when Sam appeared. He stalked along the marble corridor like an old man. Several men hailed him but he did not turn his head. I thought he was sick and started toward him—

"Come on," he said, "we're going to see the governor."

I followed him, too bewildered for questions.

The governor was in his office, dictating a speech. Sam marched in unceremoniously, with me at his heels.

"Oh . . . Sam—" the governor said. He turned back to the stenographer: "Excuse us for a few minutes."

"I want her to stay, Pat," Sam said in a drawly, sad voice. "I want to dictate a statement, if I may."

Governor Denyvan was startled, then he smiled. He was a spare, nervous man with grayed red hair which looked as if it had been dusted with powder on top.

"Oh, you've reached a decision, eh?"

Sam nodded. He sat down and addressed the stenographer:

"I accept the appointment of Governor Denyvan as United States senator

to fill the unexpired term of Jacob Rostrom—"

"Ah! That's fine, Sam! You make me very happy."

The governor held out his hand. Sam did not look at him; he went on, his voice level, toneless:

"I am going to the Senate for a year and two months as the result of a deal between my good friend Governor Denyvan and Mr. Heber Slattery, chief lobbyist for—"

The governor jumped up.

"What is this? A gag?"

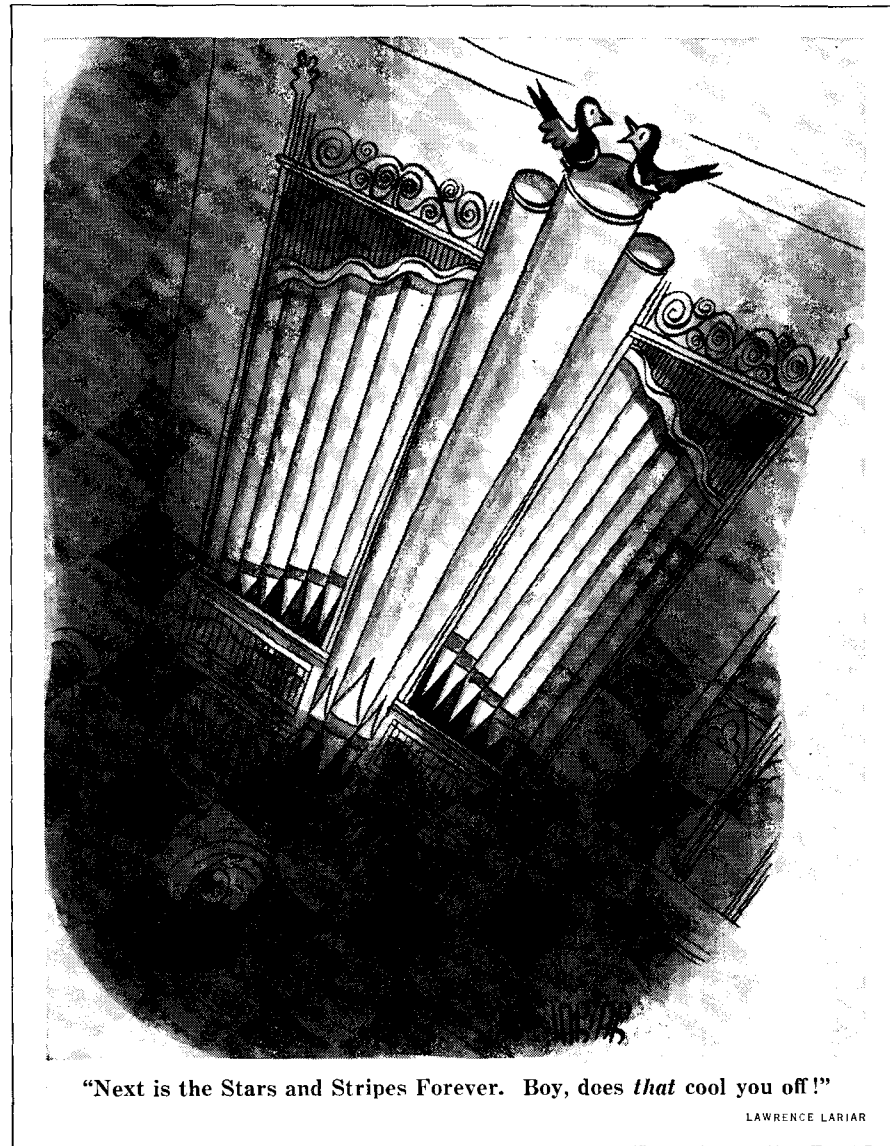
"—for the public utility companies."

"You wouldn't have offered me this appointment, would you? That certain judge I'm thinking about—what did you offer him? What is he to get for being chairman of the commission and holding up valuations and rates? Slats says Federal Judge Cerbena is going to the Court of Appeals. Is that the play, Pat? Your judge will do the dirty work and then I'm to recommend him for the Federal bench? Is that it?"

Governor Denyvan stiffened.

"I don't know what you're talking about. You're either drunk or crazy."

Sam looked at him for a long few sec-



Got that? The Public Service Commission is to be shaken up and a certain judge—"

Reddening cholerically, the governor wheeled on his stenographer and said: "Leave the room, please, Miss Gurney." The frightened girl picked up pad and pencil and hurried out.

"Hey, now, Pat," Sam said mildly, "don't I get to finish my statement?"

"Have you gone off your nut? Where did you get such a cock-and-bull yarn?"

"From Slats, Pat, from Slats. I told him I had accepted the job and we broke a gift quart to celebrate. Slats thought he was talking to a senator. That's me, Pat, alias Senator Blaney."

Governor Denyvan decided to laugh. "A little too much, eh, Sam? All right, all right. The joke's on me."

"Yep. On you." Sam stood up and turned to me. "Come on, Freddy. You'll have to write my statement for me."

The governor came around his desk. "Sam, you've been a mighty good friend of mine. If you weren't such a good friend, I'd—"

onds. "I thought you were a square shooter, Pat. You were until you got this itch to be a senator—"

"You haven't a thing on me. I deny it. Get out of here before I—"

"I can lick you, Pat. With fists or in the news columns. I—I'd sort of hate to have to do either."

THE governor wilted. "You're not my appointee," he blurted weakly. "I withdraw the appointment. I want nothing more to do with you."

Sam nodded.

"That's okay. But you don't withdraw the appointment. I'm giving you a break. I'm declining the appointment."

"With a statement, I suppose, libeling me and your prospective—"

"Nope. Just saying no."

"You can't bluff me. I'll withdraw my—"

"All right, withdraw the appointment. Then I will make a statement, and I'll get most of it printed."

The governor moved slowly around to his chair and sat down. With an abrupt

and impulsive gesture of regret, Sam went over to him.

"Why did you try it, Pat?" he asked gently.

Denyvan looked up, his face burning. Sam slapped him on the shoulder.

"No harm done, Pat. Just call it all off and appoint old man Keller. He's honest and dumb and he hasn't any ambition. Good party angel, too."

"Keller? Oh . . . yes . . . I never thought of him—"

"You just haven't been thinking, Pat," Sam said.

The governor started thinking, suddenly.

"But what about you and the judge and all?"

It was Sam's turn to get red. His shoulders sagged a little.

"Do me a favor, Pat," he said, his voice going dead on him, "hold everything until I get out of town. I'll shove off this evening. Little vacation . . . uh . . . sure, just a little vacation. . ."

Denyvan was honestly touched.

"Sam, you know how much I owe you. Let me try to square you! Maybe I can work out some way to give the judge what Mrs. Corcoran and Hester want him to have—I mean strictly on the level."

Sam grinned bravely.

"Sure. You do that. I don't blame the judge . . . much. I know the pressure. You do that, Pat. But keep me out of it."

WE WERE in Sam's room, packing, before I mustered courage to protest.

"Tell Hester the truth, Sam," I said. "Don't be so darned quixotic."

"Yep? Tell her the judge was going to play ball with Slattery on the Public Service Commission as the price of a seat on the Federal bench? Nope."

"She won't stay sore at you, anyway."

Sam stuffed dirty shirts into his battered old traveling bag.

"She'll stay sore for good this time, Freddy. She told me so. Yep. I'm Senator Blaney or I'm all washed up."

He went on packing in silence. Presently there was a knocking at the door. Scowling, Sam flung the door open. In walked Supreme Court Judge Corcoran. He was a bent and gnarled old country-town lawyer.

"I've got to talk to you, Sam," he said, without seeing me. "You must not do it! You must decline!" His voice quavered with emotion and he was trembling as if he had just quitted a stormy, emotional scene. "Promise me you will decline the appointment!"

Sam closed the door.

"Why do you want me to do that, Judge?" he asked quietly.

"I agreed to it. Against my better judgment. Against every honest principle—" He saw me and stopped.

I said: "I'll see you in the lobby." I opened the door and came face to face with Hester. She, too, was upset and had been hurrying herself out of breath. Over my shoulder I heard Judge Corcoran saying in an outburst of misery: ". . . They bullied me into it, Sam. Hester . . . my wife . . . and it's a crooked, dirty deal, I tell you! It would mean my ruin . . . my disgrace . . . they don't know that yet . . . but I will tell them . . . and you keep out of it, Sam. . . I know Hester has been bullying you with that damnable ambition of hers. . . I am not going on with it and you must not. . ."

Hester heard it, too. Anyone in the corridor could have heard it.

"Father . . . Sam. . . ." Hester said stupidly.

I shoved her not very gently into the room. Then I closed the door. Then I hot-footed down to the leased wire to tell Cy that Sam Blaney would not be United States senator. I caught the Frisco with fourteen minutes to spare.

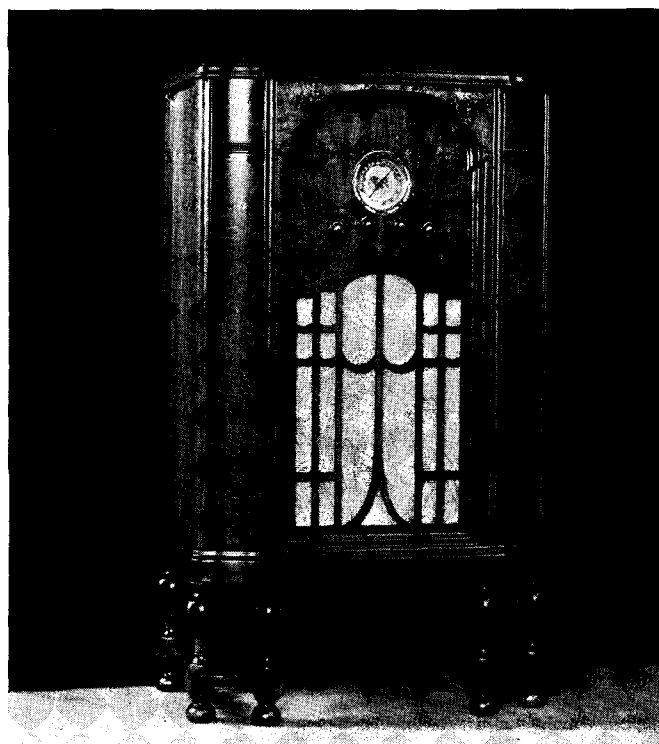
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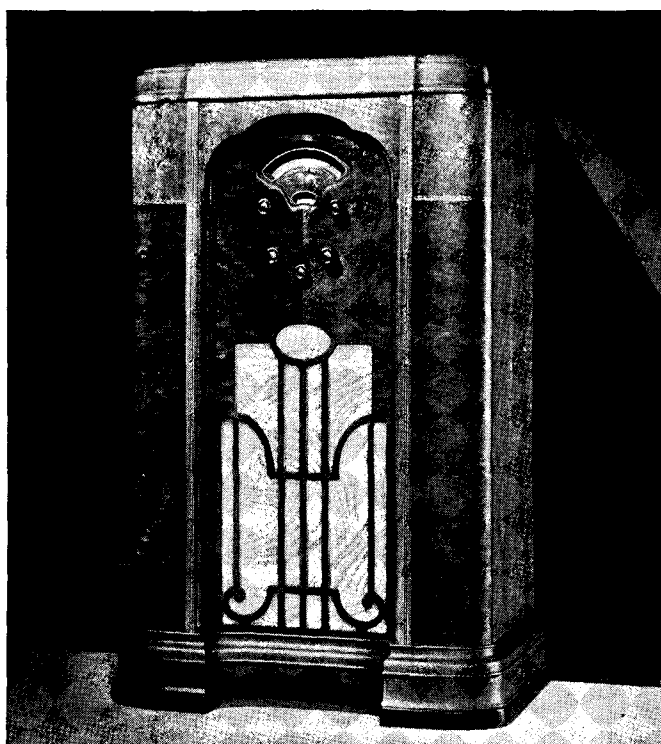
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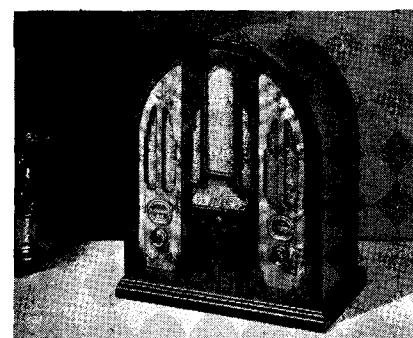
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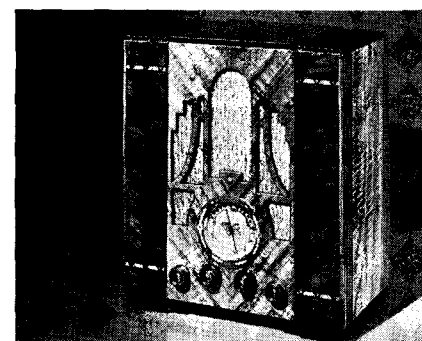


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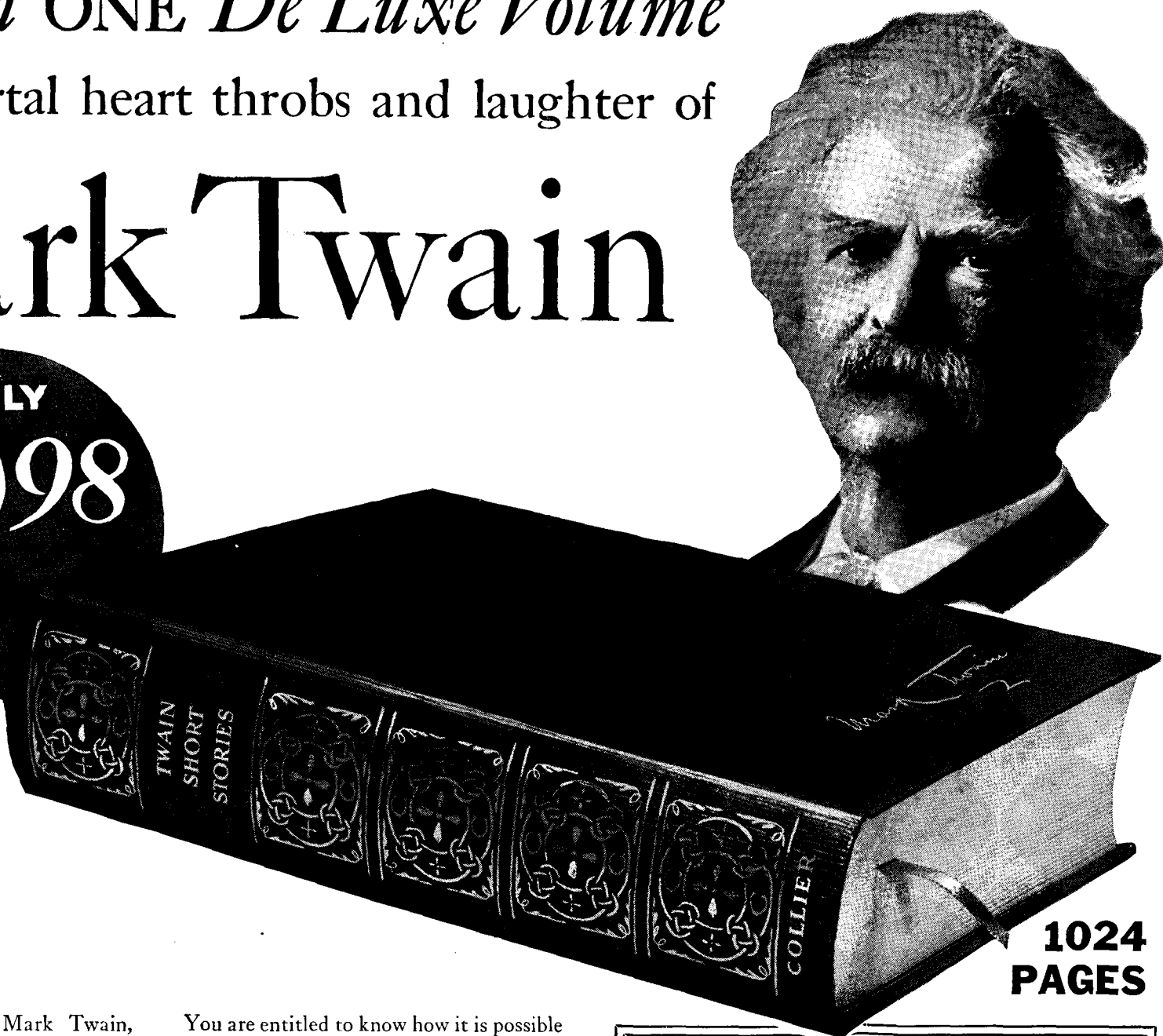
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The Good Girl

Continued from page 13

the family to save the old homestead from the sheriff."

"The last O'Gallagher," Joan said and gave Michael a little mocking smile. "I'll race you over to that hill, Last O'Gallagher!"

She kicked her horse in the ribs and we started to gallop. I hung on to the pommel and pulled up the reins. It was pretty tough going for me, but I could still see what a picture those two kids made—Joan on her white horse, with her hair streaming in the wind, Michael beside her on his black, as straight and easy as if it were a rocking-chair.

THEY pulled up after a while and waited for me. Joan was laughing at the way I rode and there was a new color in her face after the gallop and a sparkle in her eyes. She looked almost as she used to look in the old days.

We had come up a little rise where we could see over the whole plateau, out to the horizon on every side. Close by stood a big pine tree, twisted and gnarled by the wind to the shape of an umbrella. Underneath it were about a dozen mounds of hard, brown clay, with a ring of stones around each, and in the middle a big, white boulder with the one word, "O'Gallagher," roughly carved into it.

"Your folks?" Joan said.

"Yes," Michael said. "It was my granddad's idea—he settled here in the fifties—that all the O'Gallaghers ought to be buried up here above the ranch. Most of us are."

Joan got off her horse and led it to the edge of the hill and stood looking out across the bare, baked range and those blue peaks for a long time. Michael watched her from his saddle, curiously, his head cocked on one side. It made me remember the day we buried Joan's old dad on that hill above the farm. Just after that she went to New York to look for her first job in the chorus. I guess she was remembering, too.

"How about going home for some lunch?" I said.

When we got back to the ranch and Michael was putting the horses into the barn, I said to Joan: "Say, have a heart, woman. When you moon over graveyards, that poor kid thinks you're an angel or something."

"Don't be so dazzling," Joan said. "He probably hasn't seen a woman up here for six months, that's all."

"Well, you ain't doing right by our Michael—tantalizing him that way," I said. I just wanted to find out how she felt about him.

"Jealous already, Bertie?"

"What do you expect?"

"Bertie, you must be getting old. Why, he's just a nice clean boy, that's all."

"Yeah, washes behind his ears every morning—and too good for the likes of you, I suppose."

"As usual, you understand perfectly," Joan said coolly and went into the house.

It was a queer house. Grandpa O'Gallagher had built the first part of pine logs, squared with an axe and beautifully dovetailed at the corners. After him everybody had added something, until the house was an endless jumble of odd-shaped roofs and porches and balconies and twisting halls, of horse-hair chairs and mighty mahogany sideboards that had come out from Ireland in the old days.

But there was more than the size and chaos of the place, though—a kind of feeling about it, of people having lived

here and died. Everywhere were the marks of the broad axe and the whip-saw. The threshold of the front door was almost worn away in the middle, the same threshold that Grandpa O'Gallagher had carried his bride over in the sixties, when he first brought her up here—a kind of old custom, Michael said.

In the evening Michael and Joan went riding again.

"Count me out," I said. "After that ride this morning I can hardly sit on a chair, let alone a saddle."

Michael didn't seem completely heart-broken at the news. As they galloped off together I felt about eighty years old.

The kids came in about ten o'clock. Joan went and sat on the railing of the porch while Michael put the horses into the barn. I found her looking out over the range, where the plateau seemed to end in a round rim at the stars.

"This must be love," I said. I wanted to find out, if I could, how Joan was feeling about things.

"Oh, lay off the kid, will you," she said. "And after this, you come riding with us, no matter how much it hurts, understand?"

"Perfectly," I said. "So my theory is correct already—but elementary, my dear Watson, elementary."

"He hasn't said a word, smarty. Do you think a kid like that, up here, is interested in our sort? He's just a boy, I tell you, and I don't snatch cradles."

"He's about a year older than you are, ancient dame."

"Maybe, but I feel like his grandmother. And this house—it's full of ghosts. Gives me the jitters somehow. The sooner we get out of here the better."

"Yeah, I think so, too. But we can't get out for about four days, and by that time, if you don't watch out, anything may happen."

"Think so?" Joan said.

We kept busy. We pretended to help pitch alfalfa. We drove down to Alkali in Michael's flivver to get the mail, and Michael bought Joan a pair of Indian buckskin gloves, with beads all over them. We sat up on the corral fence, smoking brown cigarettes that Michael would roll for us, and watched the cowboys branding calves.

ONE night they brought Oscar off the range, a three-year-old devil with a wild eye and a red nostril. Michael had picked him for his own saddle horse, and Michael didn't let anyone break his horses or ride them afterward, so old Sparky, the stable man, told me. Well, everybody on the ranch got up on the corral rails that night to see Oscar's debut. The boys, I gathered, expected a lot of fun when Michael tried to ride Oscar, and I guess Michael was showing off a little for Joan. Well, I didn't blame him.

Joan sat next to me on the rails, smoking one of those brown cigarettes and watching with half a smile.

"Two bits you can't stay on," she sang out to Michael, who was putting on a pair of leather chaps and some spurs, outside the corral.

"It's a bet," he said. "Two bits."

"She'll win," old Sparky whispered to me. "That hoss is a heller."

Oscar bucked. He went right up into the air and came down with his legs straight and stiff under him, and you could hear Michael bump on the saddle with a thud. He twisted and squirmed like a snake and almost fell over backwards in a cloud of dust. The cowboys yelled and waved their hats. The fat

cook roared with laughter. Michael was tossed around like a cork, but somehow he stuck on and, after a while, Oscar stopped, heaving and panting and dripping with foam.

Joan just sat there and watched Michael without a word. Her cigarette had gone out in her mouth.

Michael got off and patted Oscar on the nose, and came over to us, black with sweat and dust.

"Well, you win, young man," Joan drawled, "but you ought to give me a chance to win it back. I bet you four bits I could ride Oscar."

"We don't want to send you home in a nice wooden box," Michael laughed. "Lumber costs too much up here."

But about four o'clock the next morning I was awakened by the cook yelling downstairs and a lot of noise over by the corral. I jumped out of bed and looked out the window. I could see a brown horse running around the corral and somebody on it. I knew right away what had happened. Joan had probably bribed old Sparky and was trying to ride Oscar. I grabbed my dressing gown and ran out.

Michael was ahead of me in his pajamas. I heard him yell to Joan: "Jump clear if he rolls!"

"I'm all right!" Joan yelled back.

BUT she wasn't all right. Oscar seemed to have gone crazy and she was thrown up and down like a sack of flour. Her nose had started to bleed.

Michael ran into the barn and grabbed another horse and didn't wait to put a bridle on him. Holding a halter rope, he came out of the barn, bareback. Oscar was going around in a circle with his head between his front legs and his back ones in the air.

Michael dug his heels into his horse's ribs—one of his slippers had fallen off—and he was beside Oscar in a second.

"Hang on to me!" he yelled. He leaned out and grabbed Joan around the waist and pulled her off of Oscar's back. Oscar went bucking down the corral.

Michael held Joan there in his arms, as if she were a baby, and looked down at her.

"You little fool," he said.

"You owe me four bits," Joan said and laughed up at him.

Suddenly he leaned over and kissed her on the mouth. It looked funny—Joan dangling there above the ground, her face covered with dust and blood, and Michael in his green-striped pajamas, and one foot bare.

"Let's go back to the house," I said to the cook. He grinned like a jack-o'-lantern and we left them there in the corral.

That morning the parts for the car came and Michael spent most of the day fixing it.

Just before dinner Joan got me alone and said: "Bertie, I want to go riding with Michael tonight—alone."

When they came back Michael took the horses down to the barn and Joan came over to me on the porch.

"When can we get out of here?" she said.

"Not till morning, but what's your hurry?" I said. "I judged you liked it up here by your performance in the corral this morning."

"Don't be rotten about it, Bertie," she said.

"Wants to marry you, doesn't he? What's rotten about that?"

"Marry me?" Her voice was suddenly hard and dry. "Yeah. He wants to marry me all right. It's all too

(Continued on page 36)

MEN WHO "KNOW IT ALL" are not invited to read this

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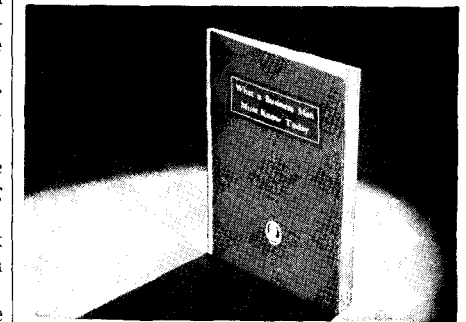
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YOUNG PIPE SMOKERS INVITED TO READ THIS LETTER

Here is a letter you young pipe smokers ought to heed. Think what it means when an experienced smoker tells you he has found contentment in one brand of pipe tobacco for twenty years. He is revealing an important part of his life. His experience is worth considering for yourself.

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I remain very respectfully yours,
William A. Myler

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Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.



Edgeworth gives "keen tobacco enjoyment"



Contentment and pleasure with good pipe and Edgeworth

(Continued from page 35)
funny. He'll build me a new house—or do anything I want."

"Well?"

"Me, a bride! Yes, or he'll chuck the whole ranch so I can go on with my career. My career! That's a laugh! My career!"

"I don't get you at all, Joan," I said.

"That's too bad," she said, and she was all cool again. "But it isn't really necessary. All you've got to do is to get us out of here tomorrow morning—early. I told him."

"Told him what?"

"That you and I—were going to be married."

And before I could say anything she ran upstairs.

I went to my own room and was getting ready to turn in when a horse galloped up to the porch. I heard someone talking excitedly with Michael at the door. Michael said: "I'll phone Doc Sutton at the South Fork right away."

"What's the matter, Michael?" I said, thrusting my head out of the window.

"There's a woman sick up the Blackwater trail, that's all," Michael said. "Dying, they think."

Joan was looking out her window, too. "Is there any other woman up there?" she said.

"No, there's just her husband," Michael said.

"Then I'll go with you," Joan said. "We can take Bertie's car."

"You don't need to do that," Michael said. "It's a fierce road, twenty-five miles of it, a bit dangerous—"

"Let's get going, Bertie," Joan said sharply.

The Blackwater trail was pretty terrible. In about two hours we came to a little log cabin on the side of a hill. Michael knocked at the door and a burly red-haired man in a flannel undershirt and blue overalls opened it.

"I've phoned for Doc Sutton," Michael said, "and these folks came along in case they could do something."

"I thought," Joan said, "a woman might help."

"That's mighty kind of you, lady," the big man said. "Come in."

Joan went in. I stayed in the car and Michael started to walk up and down restlessly. Every now and then he'd pause and watch the cabin and listen. We could hear a woman's voice muttering inside the cabin and Joan would answer. Michael would start walking up and down again. I felt sorry for him. There was no use saying anything now, but I guessed Joan would change her mind, after she got time to think it over. And I'd got used to the idea by this time. When you're forty-two, things don't fizz on you so hard, and besides, I had my business and one thing and another.

WE WAITED a long time, not saying anything, until over in the east there was a thin streak of white above the mountains. The doctor came in his car at last, a fat, whiskered little fellow in a khaki suit. He nodded to Michael and me and went into the cabin.

It was daylight when the door opened again and the doctor came out with Joan. She looked white and scared and her hair was damp and plastered down around her face. I thought she was going to faint. Michael went and took her arm and led her to the car.

"It's all over," the doctor whispered to me. "This girl has had a pretty bad time. You'd better get her home. She's been a brick."

"You go on to the ranch—I can help a little here," Michael said. "I'll come back with the doctor."

"We'll wait for you at the ranch, Michael," I said. Joan smiled at him and then closed her eyes and sort of shuddered.

It wasn't until we'd got in sight of the ranch that she spoke and I could see that her face was still dead white and drawn.

"Bertie," she said, "we've got to get out of here right away."

"But I promised we'd wait for Michael."

"We've got to get out of here."

"You'll change your mind when you feel better, Joan."

I was going to argue her out of it, until I looked at her face again.

"All right," I said.

So when we got to the ranch I threw our things into the grips and Joan wrote a note to Michael in the living-room.

AFTER we'd started out, down by the river road, I said: "This is the dirtiest trick I've ever played on a guy in my life. After all that boy has done for us. And him crazy about you, too."

"Don't you see—that's just it."

"That makes a lot of sense, all right, a lot."

"I couldn't—I just couldn't hurt him any more. Don't you understand now, Bertie? I couldn't see him again. Oh, I thought for a while I'd—but not after what happened tonight."

"Tonight? What's that got to do with Michael and you?"

"That woman—she'd lived up there in that cabin twenty years. Think of it! Twenty years up there alone. Had five babies there. She told me. And her hands—all rough and crooked and stained with work. I washed them—afterward."

"Don't, Joan," I said, for I could see she was going to pieces, "don't think about that now."

"And there wasn't a decent dress to put on her. The doctor and I—oh, it was ghastly, Bertie. And just before she died, she looked up at me and smiled and said, 'God bless you, you're a good girl.'"

She started to laugh a crazy kind of laugh.

"Please, Joan," I said, but she had her hands clenched tight together and went on speaking again.

"A good girl! Well, can't you see now? Everything seemed suddenly clear

then. I knew what I was. I knew what I'd got to do. I knew I didn't belong—up there. Not in that house. Not with those people. Not with Michael. I might have once—but not now."

Out of the corner of my eye I could see two big tears starting down her face.

After a while I said: "I understand now, Joan. I guess I've been pretty dumb. But you've got this thing all wrong. About Michael, I mean."

"Oh, let's forget it, Bertie. It's all over now."

"No, listen. You can't leave it at that. Sure you've been a little fool and made a mistake about one guy. Maybe you haven't been a plaster saint. But none of us are plaster saints really—not even Michael. And you haven't done anything so bad."

"Oh, stop it!"

"You listen to me, young woman. Do you think Michael cares about all that? He knows what you're really like. Didn't he see you tonight? You should have told him about that other guy—about everything. And what right did you have to go and tell him we were going to be married?"

"I meant it, Bertie. If you still want to, we can be married at the first town."

"Well, that's a good one."

"Don't, Bertie," she said and slumped away down into the seat. "I'm too tired now."

"Oh," I said.

I wanted to take her in my arms, but somehow I didn't. I was thinking of Michael back in his big house. After a while Joan went to sleep in the corner of the seat. I stopped the car and lighted my pipe to think it over. I sat smoking there by the side of the road a long while. Slowly, so as not to waken her, I started the car.

WHEN we stopped again Joan sat up quickly and looked around.

"Why, we're back at the ranch!" she said, kind of dazed.

"Yeah," I said, "I forgot my shaving brush."

I drove right up to the gate by the little patch of grass and flowers.

"Here's where you get out," I said. "This is your house, lady."

"Are you crazy?" she said angrily. "I'm not getting out of this car!"

"Oh, yes, you are," I said. Before she could stop me I opened the door and lifted her out.

"Let me down, you fool!"

She struggled in my arms, but I held her tight and carried her up the garden path between the little flower beds. When I got to the porch Michael was standing there in his shirt sleeves and overalls and cowboy boots. His head was cocked on one side with a funny look that I hadn't seen on him before. I thought at first he was going to cry.

"Michael," I said, "there seems to have been a mistake somewhere. But when she tells you the whole story, you'll understand—everything. And now take her quickly. She's too darned heavy for an old man like me."

"Let me down, you idiot!" Joan whispered to me and struggled again, but I hung on tight.

Michael tried to say something and then his eyes went all misty and he just put out his arms and lifted Joan as if she were a baby. She wriggled a little at first, but as he carried her across the porch to the door she was suddenly still. And I remembered how Michael's grandpa had carried his bride over this same worn threshold, into that vast, jumbled house of the O'Gallihers.

At the turn of the road I stopped the car and looked back. The gaunt house and the barns sprawled about it seemed utterly alone, as if there were no other habitation in the world, nothing beyond the bare rim of the plateau but the sky.



"Those guys must be crazy. I don't see any fire!"

JOSEPH MORGAN

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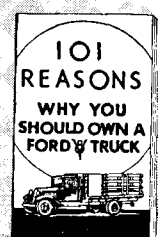
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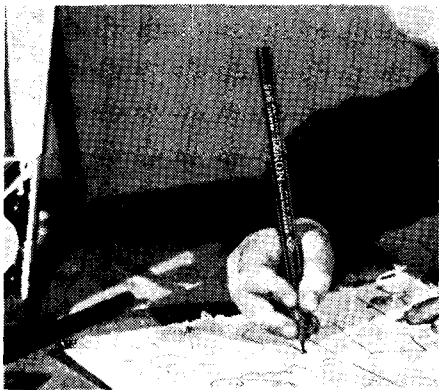
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The Beautiful Ladies

Continued from page 18

very well by now her mouse-brown hair and her faded hazel eyes and her protruding front teeth which were stopped with silver fillings.

Seeing him, she paused and said in her usual worried manner, "Oh, Brother Binney, will you take prayers tomorrow morning? Everybody seems so busy—"

Quite to his own surprise Mr. Binney heard himself saying, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Browntree, I am leaving early."

This, he realized when she sighed and went on, was practically a lie. His boat did not leave until noon. He went upstairs very gravely indeed. To lead prayers he had always regarded as a duty and an opportunity. One never knew what a listening soul—why did he suddenly dislike Mrs. Browntree so very much that he had lied to her?

HE DID not know what was the matter with him. He entered his room. He was, he thought, tired. He lay down upon the narrow iron bed and drew a cotton blanket over his knees. He would rest a little while and then spend a time in prayer, asking God to forgive him and keep him steadfast. But instead he let the moments pass and he remembered again and again the beautiful ladies. They were, he thought, like angels. Their dresses were bright. He could not remember the colors, but they had all been so bright, such happy colors. And their faces were rosy, and their smiles so free and kind.

He began to think suddenly of Mary's smile. It was kind, too, very kind, but not radiant. No one could call Mary radiant, although he now remembered, she had in her youth been merry at times, too. But this had passed. Hers had, he now perceived for the first time, been rather too hard a life for merriment, although he felt he had done the best he could. And, of course, when he had felt his "call," after he was graduated from the seminary in the little Ohio town where he had until then lived, Mary had been perfectly willing to come to the foreign field with him. Certainly he had not compelled her, although if she had not been willing, as he told her, he would have felt he must proceed without her, since it did not occur to him to go against his "call."

But he was sincerely glad Mary had felt as earnestly as he did about the work. In the twenty years they had lived together she had been a comfort to him, although she had borne him no children. This in itself was not of such great importance, since he was aware that children would have brought problems. There was, for instance, no doctor nearer than three days away by camel. The chief inconvenience he had felt, in fact, in regard to her childlessness was when skeptical heathens had asked too cleverly, "And if this foreign God of yours is all you say, why do you not ask him for a son, seeing you have nothing?"

To this one could hardly answer that such prayer had been made. Indeed, he knew when Mary had at times abstained from food and had stayed in her bedroom, that she made this prayer with fasting and weeping, for once he had stood outside her door and before he could enter he had heard her voice cry out in an agony he had not heard before, nor dreamed possible in her, "Oh, God, if you would just give me a little baby, dear God, just one!—I am sure I could be happier—and I would be a better woman—I promise, I promise!"

He had not gone in, after all. He crept away astonished and miserable. He had not known her unhappy; indeed,

she was even-tempered and cheerful by nature. And how could she be better? But when she came down to supper, rather pale, he said nothing, since they had never been emotional with each other. . . . Now, remembering the cry, he felt a slight sense of hostility against God, who had not answered. Every dusty, slatternly Chinese woman in the town had many babies and only his Mary had none.

He longed passionately for the first time to make it up to her. Ah, how good she had been all these years! She had kept his home as comfortable and as clean as any home in Ohio, and somehow she managed to make the things he liked to eat, cinnamon rolls and sugar cookies and pies. . . .

But now, he decided, her life had been too dull. A woman needed romance. He thought again, very gravely, of the beautiful ladies he had seen, and of their lovely, bright smiles. They had, doubtless, romantic lives of ease and pleasure. Mary's life had, of course, been very different. In the Chinese town they had lived quite as much without romance as they might have lived in a little Ohio town. They had soon grown accustomed to seeing yellow faces instead of white, and camels and donkey caravans and sedan chairs became as everyday to them as horses and buggies once had been. He preached daily in the little whitewashed chapel, and taught the scanty, curious listeners a hymn tune or two, bearing patiently their loud laughter at the strange foreign music. And since he was not very good at carrying tunes, Mary played the little flogging organ and after the service went to see mothers and told them what to do for their sick babies and grieved when they did nothing, and wept more than the mothers did when the babies died.

Certainly neither of them dreamed of romance, not even when Mr. Binney was nearly captured by bandits and only escaped by pretending he was insane, nor even when a mob threatened to kill them because it had not rained for nearly a year, and the town gods must be angry because of the two foreigners. In this case Mr. Binney, after prayer and looking at the clouds, had averted death by promising the rain that fortunately fell the next day, although one could not be sure of God's will, and they were ready to die if rain did not come, and had sat waiting hand in hand.

NOW, remembering these and other things in their life, he cried out in his heart again, "She has had it too hard. I must make it up to her."

And then it occurred to him to buy her a real present, something lovely and for herself, not a common gift such as the egg beater of which she had spoken, nor a package of safety pins, nor a box of pencils. As for the cookstove, he would not count it at all, he suddenly determined recklessly. No, he thought in excitement, the next morning before he started he would buy Mary a pretty dress, a really bright, pretty dress. He saw her clothed as the lovely ladies had been, fashionably, with a little hat the color of the dress—perhaps pink. One of those ladies had been dressed entirely in pink. Pink was pretty on a lady.

The supper bell rang shrilly. He rose, relieved, excited. He would buy the dress. He could see Mary unfolding it, her eyes suddenly soft above the color, as they always softened before beauty. He was not quick to see things, and sometimes the softening of her eyes made him first know there was something to be seen, or he would not have

known it—a flower, perhaps, or new green leaves or something which seemed special to her. His heart melted in him, and flew to her defense. In the new dress she would look as lovely as any lady. How he loved her!

He went downstairs almost gayly and took his place beside Mrs. Browntree, and bowed his head for grace. But he could not keep still. It occurred to him now that he knew nothing of where to buy ladies' garments and he must ask where he could find the dress he wanted for Mary, one exactly like the pink one. He would ask Mrs. Browntree tentatively about ladies' dresses.

"I want to take my dear wife a present, Mrs. Browntree," he began eagerly. "Next month we will have been married twenty years. I thought of a dress—" His rather ordinary hazel eyes began suddenly to shine. "I know just what I want. This afternoon I saw the most beautiful ladies, Mrs. Browntree. In fact, the street I happened to be in seemed full of them. They were very beautiful, and they were evidently going for a drive, a number of them together. One of them had a very pretty pink dress. I thought of Mary—"

Mrs. Browntree, who was commonly abstracted in the service of the table, now stopped her ladling of the pale soup, and stared at him suspiciously. "What street was it?" she asked in a whisper, glancing at the other guests.

"I forget," said Mr. Binney, surprised. "Now I think of it, I believe it was Yinchong Road."

MRS. BROWNTREE set her lips against her protruding teeth. She stared at him hard and, holding the ladle suspended, she leaned across the soup tureen to whisper to him, shocked to the soul, as he could see by her perturbed face. "That, Mr. Binney," she said, "is the street of—of—prostitutes!"

Mr. Binney stared back until Mrs. Browntree decently averted her eyes, for, after all, he was a man. But Mr. Binney answered nothing at all. He bent his head over his soup and ate it spoonful by spoonful methodically. For a moment he also was overwhelmed at what Mrs. Browntree had said. Those—those creatures of whom one had heard—against whom the Bible warned all men—he had stood gazing at them, taking pleasure in their smiles! He felt a little faintness within him. . . .

But suddenly, to his own astonishment, he recovered from this faintness. He glanced secretly at Mrs. Browntree's set lips, from which her two front teeth protruded. He disliked her suddenly and intensely. He disliked her drab hair and her faded black cotton dress and the gray pebble brooch she wore at her throat. Above all, he disliked the righteousness of her whole bearing, although of course he knew she was a righteous woman, and this dislike drove him to a boldness he had not known was in him. After all, it was true in spite of everything that the ladies—the women—had been beautiful and their smiles were kind—and he did not believe that necessarily every smile meant—meant—Anyway, Mary should have as pretty a dress as any of them. She, as good as gold, should at least have as pretty a dress as—as a prostitute! He lifted his head and looked about him belligerently, searching for speech. At his movement someone asked conversationally, "Did you have a good afternoon, Brother Binney?"

"I did," he replied distinctly and slowly, staring at Mrs. Browntree. "I had a perfectly lovely afternoon!"

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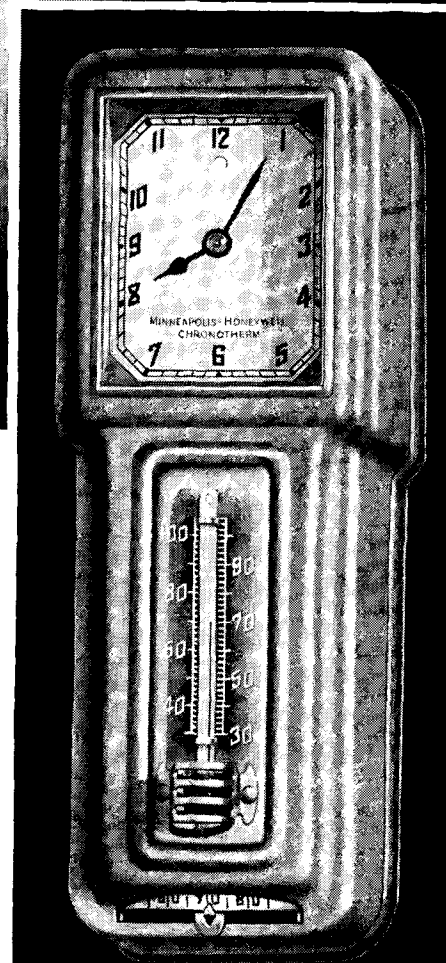
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The Next Step

Continued from page 19

socialization of national resources on a scale never attempted before in the United States. At Washington and elsewhere small groups are working on the various items of the social insurance program which he laid before the last Congress in its closing hours. Although that message, characteristically, was timed to serve as a political answer to the G. O. P.'s Chicago reference to the need for protection of the aged and unemployed, it had been dormant in his mind in the same way the potentialities of the Eastport tide had been. Although they seemed to be putting him on the spot with their oratorical clamor for immediate action along these lines, Secretary Perkins and Senator Bob Wagner have been playing prearranged rôles. It was clever strategy and good politics.

Enter the Social Trust

A social trust has shoved the brain trust into the wings. Business men, manufacturers and insurance authorities have displaced the professors. Industrialists are trying to draw up a practical program of unemployment insurance. Social welfare workers are trying to devise a scheme for old age care. A presidential committee is framing recommendations for even more extensive use of potential power projects as a yardstick with which to force lower rates and more effective regulation of the private industry. In the fall the President means to summon a conference for realistic discussion of methods to split up industry so that factory hands may walk from their machines to their garden homes.

Mr. Roosevelt is thoroughly convinced that the people are hungry for reforms which will reach down to social roots. And he refuses to become excited over criticism of the methods he utilizes in order to reach that objective.

He himself laughs at the many conflicting charges hurled at him, whether they picture him as a brother of big business in attractive disguise or as a man who is leading the nation in the direction of Fascism or Communism. His friends scoff at frequent suggestions that he pursues a deliberately zig-zag and uncharted course, countering a move toward the left with a swing toward the right. They predict solemnly

that his social reforms, even more so than some of the economic changes which provoked conservative criticism, will carry out his privately expressed intention of keeping the Administration and party "slightly to the left of center."

His closest advisers grant that he is a clever compromiser, but they see even his compromises as triumphs, recalling that he suffered only two outright defeats during a long and controversial session of Congress. They contend that his acceptance of the Thomas inflationary proposals and the Lamke-Frazier farm mortgage measure, as well as his concessions on other major questions, were sensible surrenders. He agreed to congressional changes only on condition that administrative authority be placed in his hands, and he immediately took precautions to insure that this power be used sparingly. Secretary Ickes puts it this way in describing the President's trading talents:

"He is the best broken-field runner I have ever seen. He never tries to bump his head through the center if he can make the distance off tackle. He knows that it makes no difference whether he crosses the goal on the edge of the line or under the goal posts. The score counts just the same, and he keeps advancing the ball. I'll say this—he has never thrown me down."

He would not be human if he did not enjoy signs of popular affection, but he knows that he cannot tamper with it. He does not let it influence him unduly or turn his head; at most he looks upon it as a helpful force in what he seeks to accomplish. Once, when he did discuss it, he did so in a joking way which reflected a determination not to let his popularity get the better of his sense of proportion. To hints that it must be well to be a people's hero, he countered:

"Have you heard the funny story they're telling about me in that connection? It seems that a fine old Democratic friend was making a speech and said: 'Franklin D. Roosevelt is the greatest man the world has ever produced.' Just then a fellow in the audience arose and said: 'Wait a minute. Aren't you forgetting Plato, Shakespeare and George Washington?' My friend looked down at him, and replied indignantly: 'You would think of that, you Republican, you!'"



"What if I did call the wrong station? Nobody got off"

G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

Woman in Love

Continued from page 26

hopeless idiot would not choose, and betrayed into motherhood, she who has told you that 'she never had a little baby in her arms' until then. A girl whose child is born on a bitter winter morning in a shanty without heat, without food, without care. . . .

"And yet she loves this child so dearly that when a neighbor, herself poor, slips in with half a bottle of milk and some bread she finds this baby at Hatty Elliot's breast, and Hatty 'was crying.' And 'there were tears on the baby's face, and one of them touched his mouth and he kind of made a face,' and the young mother says to Ella that a girl she knew in the Rescue Home told her she had killed her baby, 'but how could anyone destroy a baby?' 'She sort of laughed when the baby made a face,' the neighbor says, as every mother in the world laughs when her child is safe at her breast. Ella says that she herself has got a job in Colma and is going away, and she gives Hatty a dollar, and Hatty tells her that the baby has been born with a croupy cough. What do you do for a bad cough? Ella says she always gives her children vaseline, just plain vaseline, in their mouths; and the following day Hatty wraps herself and the baby up, and limps over to the drug store, and with some of Ella's money buys a tube of vaseline. She doesn't know enough to say white vaseline; she gets *carbolated* vaseline, and when it makes the baby cough she gives him more."

TEARS were in Tamara's eyes. She reached for her handkerchief, and wiped them away. Hatty had begun quietly to cry, and put her red hands against her face.

"They told you that she resisted the officers who arrested her," George said. "She only resisted them because they wanted to take away her baby. She felt even then that she might bring him back to life. She wanted them to stop when they were driving her to prison. Afterward the matron told them what she had wanted. 'I wanted a few flowers for him, the poor little feller,' she said. 'I have thirty cents and I thought I could get some marigolds for him!'"

Immediately after this George's voice suddenly stopped. He sat down after having talked for only twenty-two minutes in all. Tamara, gazing at him in astonishment, supposed that he would get to his feet again, but when he did it was only to say that the defense rested. Mullins immediately was on his feet, accusing opposing counsel of rank sentimentality, of twisting evidence, of putting his own interpretation on sworn testimony which the jury had heard and which he invited them to give their own intelligent construction. Tamara listened, her jaw tightened a little when he called on the jury to do its duty as good citizens and see that this murderess was duly hanged for the good of society. Then the judge gave his instructions briefly, dispassionately; a hush settled on the packed, hot courtroom. Tamara, looking at George's back, could see that he was breathing hard.

At twenty minutes of one he and she walked downtown for lunch.

"They'll give the jury lunch first. We won't have to get back until half past two. They may not reach a verdict until tomorrow," George said.

"And what are the chances, George?"

"I don't know, darling. I know it'll be good to get something to eat, and to get away in a day or two to Huntington Lake. Whew-w-w!" George said.

"You were magnificent, of course."

"It'd be a nice case to win," he said as they turned into the long arcade of the Palace Hotel, and wound their way through the watching lunchers to their reserved table. "Elliot case goes to jury!" the newspaper boys were shouting in the streets when they came out.

"Perhaps we'd better take a taxi back, George; they may be quicker than you think," Tam said.

"They won't be that quick." But he signaled the yellow cab and they duly went out to the City Hall. "A delay would indicate a disagreement or an acquittal," he said. "We'd like to hear that they couldn't come to an agreement today. Can't tell. Can't tell. Hello, what's happened?" He broke off with the ejaculation for they had reached the big, cool, flagged corridors of the City Hall now, and there was a stir of something unexpected in the atmosphere that surrounded the courtroom.

"Jury coming back, Mr. Davis," a court clerk said.

"Coming back!"

"Yes, sir; the judge's already in his chambers."

"Not so good?" Tam asked, anxiously, following him in to find her own place.

"I don't know—" George answered abstractedly, only half hearing her. "I'll be darned if I know what it means!"

The attorneys came in again; the clerks came in; the ubiquitous press took its place again. Here was Hatty again, and again the murmur with Ella Carlingsen, and again the rustle of rising as the judge came in. The jury filed into the box; Tamara's heart beat so hard she was afraid she could not hear or see what went on; her hands were cold.

Had they arrived at their verdict? They had. "Not guilty, Your Honor."

Not guilty! Tam stood up in the joyful, instantaneous stir that followed, and somehow was with George, and was crying and laughing as he kissed her—kissed her with that little proud half-smiling twist to his mouth that she knew meant that he loved her being excited and proud, but would not show that he was excited and proud himself.

"George, I can't believe it!"

SO THEN the Elliot case was over, and over gloriously, and there was nothing left to do but go up to George's office and finish up a few things, and get into the car to drive through the gathering summer afternoon winds and fogs down to the sweet, placid country, with Tam's shoulder against his, and George taking long, deep breaths now and then for sheer relief. Tam carried afternoon papers with her. George's mother would like that chorus of praise as much as she did!

Mary was stretched on the lawn, drawing. The older Mary in white was in a deep chair resting in the shade. The loveliest hour of a June afternoon lay like an enchantment over the oaks and the tree-shaded lines of the old house, over the orchards and farm buildings and the lines of the western hills.

Tamara kissed George's mother and dropped into a chair beside her. George sprawled on the lawn.

"You heard?" Tamara began.

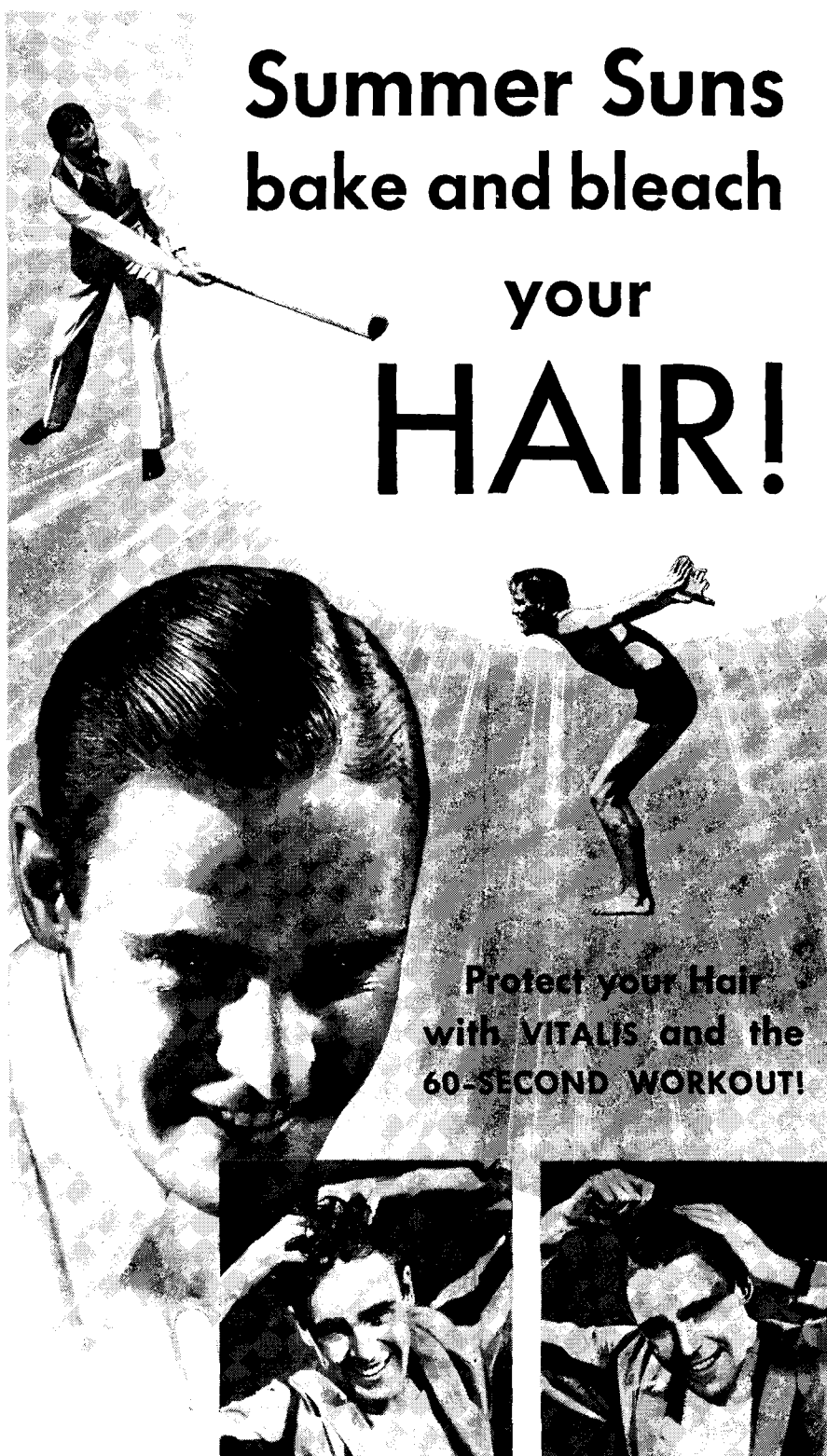
"Only what you said when you telephoned."

"It was a triumph!" Tam said. "Mullins looked as if he wanted to take his throat upstairs and cut it."

"Listen, woman," George said sleepily from the grass, where Mary was adeptly decorating his forehead with

(Continued on page 42)

Summer Suns bake and bleach your HAIR!



Protect your Hair
with VITALIS and the
60-SECOND WORKOUT!

50 SECONDS TO RUB... Massage Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp! Your scalp awakens to new life... and your hair has a chance.

10 SECONDS TO BRUSH... When you comb and brush your hair, it stays smooth and lustrous and with no trace of that unnatural "patent-leather" look.

• Golf, tennis and swimming under the summer sun are great for your body, but they're ruinous to the health and the looks of your hair!

On courts or fairways, the sun's rays parch your scalp and bake, thin and split your hair. Your swim or shower adds to the damage, washing away your hair's natural and nourishing oils.

But there is a way to keep hair healthy and handsome in spite of parching sun and drenching water. That's Vitalis—Vitalis and the famous 60-Second Workout. Massage Vitalis into your scalp. On burning, blistering

days take an extra treatment—use it before going out and after taking your shower, too.

Massage and Vitalis keep your scalp flexible and alive. Its pure oils replace the lost natural oils that give your hair life. Loose dandruff is ended. And your hair is far more responsive to comb and brush—smooth and lustrous—without a trace of that "patent-leather" look.

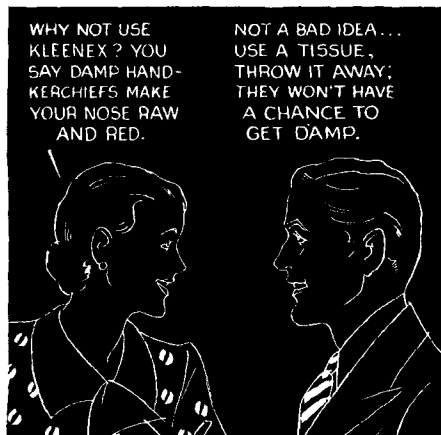
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When your barber prescribes Vitalis—he's giving you good advice! Take it!

VITALIS



KEEPS HAIR
HEALTHY AND
HANDSOME



Illustrations and text copy, 1934, Kleenex Co.

Save Sore Noses from Hay Fever Misery

Use soft, dry Kleenex;
avoid damp, irritating handkerchiefs.
End laundry nuisance.

THE agonies of hay fever are bad enough. Don't add to them by using handkerchiefs which often harm more than they help. Instead, try Kleenex. Your nose will be grateful for the change from rough, soggy handkerchiefs that make raw, inflamed membranes cry out for relief.

Kleenex is a touch of comfort you'll welcome. The softest yet strongest of tissues. Far more absorbent than linen or cotton. And always dry, fresh, clean... because you simply use, then destroy. Isn't this better than an endless succession of mucus-clogged handkerchiefs any woman dreads washing?

Kleenex is priced so low you can use many of these disposable tissues for the cost of having one handkerchief laundered.

Try Kleenex—at drug, dry goods, department stores.



KLEENEX Disposable Tissues

(Continued from page 41)

flowers. "You three women are all I care about in this world, d'you know that? The minute I get down here everything seems to slide off me like—like—look out for my eye, Mary!"

"Like water on a duck's back," Tamara suggested neatly in the pause. "Quite a few people have quoted me on that."

"Like water off a duck's back, it is." "It is not. How can it be off already when it slides off? Don't you see the whole value of it is that it—slides—off," Tamara argued brilliantly.

"Mother, didn't you always hear it 'like water off a duck's back?'"

"That sounds more reasonable—let me see," Mrs. Hutton mused. "Water off a duck's back—water on a duck's back—"

"I wish I had a little duck," said Mary.

"Exactly," said Tam. "Then we could try it! Come on, Mary, I'm going in. Did all my packages come, Aunt Mary?"

"About forty, I should say," the older woman answered.

"Oh, good! Mary and I'll open 'em. There are some things for you in there, too, Mary. And George, you ought to get some sleep. If we're going two hundred miles tomorrow—"

"To say nothing of being married at cockerow," George added.

THEY all trailed into the house, which smelled pleasantly of dinner preparations and flowers and the clean country atmosphere of washed woodwork and polished floors. George went upstairs to fling himself sleepily on his bed; Mary and Tam attacked the mountain of boxes and packages in the sitting-room. There were small rubber boots for little Mary and a knapsack for big Mary—neither of whom was going—and more boots and another knapsack for Tam; grills and fishing poles and roll-top sweaters and tin cups. When George came downstairs after more than an hour's deep sleep the supper table was set in the last slanting beams of sunlight on the western terrace, and Tam, in a blue shirt and blue jeans, with a red handkerchief knotted about her throat, a wide-brimmed Stetson hat on her bright hair and a knife and tin cup at her belt, was carrying out the salad bowl.

"Tam Todhunter plays last part," she said. "Brilliant young actress sacrifices career to wed rising San Francisco attorney. 'Will live for home and kiddies,' says girl who has enthralled millions—George, pick up my hat, look what you did to my new hat! George, this is the way I'm going to look in the high mountains. Can you stand it?"

"I'll have on dark glasses," George said. "Tam," he added at her ear, "you are adorable."

"I'm excited," she said, elbows on the table and eyes very blue under the gold, soft tangle of her disordered hair. "Getting married seems tremendously thrilling."

"And your girl got off?" Mrs. Hutton mused in great satisfaction.

"Hatty Elliot? Yes, walked out of the courtroom as free as anyone else."

"Oh, it must be a horrible feeling—to be accused of murder!" Tam shuddered.

"George," said his mother, "you believed this girl—this poor Elliot girl was innocent, didn't you?"

"I asked him that very same question this morning, when we were walking to the City Hall," Tam said.

"And no doubt got a brilliant answer, my girl," George observed. "And if I can think it up again I'll pass it on to my mother."

"It was to the effect that in the beginning you'd had your doubts," Tam reminded him.

"But I didn't think you'd ever take a case if you suspected the murder charge was true, George," the older woman objected.

"Well—I don't—" he said hesitatingly. "That is, my learned partners don't. They think it's a mistake. But this case was queer. Old Martell handled it to begin with; then he had his smash and went to the hospital and passed it on to me. I talked to him about it—oh, twenty times. I think he thought then that Hatty was guilty."

"But you, Judge Davis?" Tamara asked.

"I didn't think anything about it; I didn't know a damned thing about the case. I'd been on the Billings will case. But Martell was terribly anxious to get her off. And the reason," George proceeded, stripping the woolly wet skin from a peach, "was mixed up with politics. Oscar Mullins gave young Martell a close licking at the polls last election. We all think he's crooked and his whole machine is crooked. Old man Martell wants to play me up against Mullins as district attorney. Mullins has been going around thinking out loud about this case, and he thought he had a sure thing. That's the inside of it."

"And if you had lost it, George," Tamara asked, leaning forward in the warm summer dusk to fix her blue eyes on him, "then would it have been as bad for you?"

"As what, beautiful?"

"As—well, as it's good for you now," Tam clarified it, with a laugh.

"Yes, I'd have felt rotten," George agreed.

"But now they can't ever reopen the case and try her again, can they, George?"

"No, not now."

"Oh, she must feel good tonight!" Tam said, under her breath.

"She and the girl friend are off for the hop-picking country," George remembered.

"Just as free as we are!" Tam stared about at the softened, clear, shadowless light in the garden, and the arch of the opalescent sky. The air was freshened by the water that had been circling and spraying from the sprinklers ever since the sun went down. "It would be so terrible to be mixed into any case like this, personally I mean," she said. "If I can get as excited as I did today over a woman I don't know, think if it was someone we loved!"

"Well, with Lance firmly married to Mabel," George began, and they all laughed. A wealthy widow had recently taken Lance in tow, and Lance had apparently decided not to fail Mabel in any of her idealistic dreams of him. "With Lance married," George said, "and Coral writing nothing but pæans of praise for Arnold, perhaps we'll keep out of trouble until Mary grows up."

"Mary'll keep herself out of trouble," Mrs. Hutton said firmly. Nobody could ever reflect, even in fun, upon the adored Mary.

"WHEN did you begin to think of working on the Carlingsen woman, George?"

"Well, that was a funny thing, too," George said, not sorry to talk about it. "They took Hatty Elliot down to the station and tried to get something out of her, and finally they landed the fact that her friend was Ella Carlingsen. So Chief O'Connor sends a deputy out to see Ella—this was at the time of the inquest. She had a job at Colma. The deputy came back with a deposition, which certainly was damning. 'She's got a swell friend in the Carlingsen woman,' he said. 'Why, she's given the whole show away! She told me that Hatty Elliot asked her in so many words how she could kill the baby, and she sent

me to the drug store where Hatty bought the poison.'

"Old Martell," George went on, "was laid up after his auto wreck. I was working on the Billings will case, but I heard about the deputy's report. I thought it was queer that Hatty was so poor in friends that she, of her own accord, would send the chief to a woman who would give her away like that. Hatty had been asking to see Ella Carlingsen too. They wouldn't let them get together, naturally, but they couldn't keep me from seeing her. So I went out to Colma and talked to this woman; she was all excited, and first thing she began to cry. Somehow she got it over to me—you heard what bad English she spoke the other day—but she somehow got it over to me that they had made her think she was doing Hatty a good turn, helping Hatty by talking, and it had just dawned on her that in some way she'd played into their hands."

"She was mad and helpless and sulky. I told her what I was trying to do, and she went over the whole thing once more, her own way. The instant she said, 'How could anyone get rid of a baby!' I began to see light. I said to her, 'She said it like that, did she?' and she said, 'Ja, Hatty croyin' and kissin' baby, and she say, 'What kind man he goin' to be with bad mother like me?'" And of course," George finished, in an intense silence, "that was the beginning of the defense."

"Yes, but then you were up against the poison thing, George."

"Yep, and I thought and thought about that. That was a stickler. I went back to the drug store and after a while I got at the fellow that had sold it to her. He was pretty cocky about it; he's had his picture in the paper a couple of times and he thinks he's pretty good. 'Sure she did it,' he said. 'She knocked the kid out in cold blood. She asked me for something that'd make him sleep, and I said no, this is to rub on him, and she said yes, that was what she wanted. And she takes a tube of carbolized vaseline to feed to a two-weeks-old kid! She made him sleep all right!'"

GEORGE laughed, lighting his pipe. The terrace was quite dusky now, and the women's faces only pallid disks of paler gloom in the general gloom.

"I hope that clerk has got all the papers tonight!" he said with relish.

"I don't know that I want you to be district attorney, Bunny," said his mother.

"But Aunt Mary," Tam said eagerly, "it would be a good thing to have an honest district attorney, a man who really gave the poor things a break. Mullins was simply vicious. He was determined that he was going to hang Hatty Elliot."

"Oscar Mullins is as crooked as a snake," George said. "We'll see what we can do to crowd him out next election."

The enchanted mellow, summer evening flowed on as smoothly as did the soft wind that stirred the sleeping perfumes of the garden now and then, and went away again, leaving the great trees to break the moonlight into blots of silver and black on the flagged terrace, and to fall in a pattern of leaves and branches on the walls of the old house. Crickets trilled together hoarsely and were still; the rising meadows toward the west sent out a breath of burned cornstalks and pungent tarweed.

After a while Tamara slipped away, went upstairs through the dim evening lights, moved quietly about the big, airy bedroom that she and George would share when they came back from their mountain honeymoon. And once again her face was sober and thoughtful as

she went about her packing and straightening, but this time there was the mysterious shining of a light that never was on land or sea in her eyes.

After a while the house was very still. Moonlight was streaming boldly in at the open windows, and a breeze was moving the pattern of tree branches on the bedroom floor. Tam lay wide awake, stretched flat and slim under the light covers, her arms locked under her head.

Her dream went back through the silent night across the long years since a slender, eager little girl had come home from quiet convent ways to Turk Street: Lance borrowing money, the kitchen filthy, her mother and old Ivy Lippinger gossiping stage talk in the cluttered, airless parlor where Lance slept. She remembered going with Lance to the Walkathon, and Lance's pleasure that Cotter had admitted them for nothing. Dirty streets, cigarette stands and cheap grills, women in curling-wires and kimonos and bedroom slippers, their loose coats hardly buttoned, slipping out through the foggy mornings to buy coffee and little bottles of cream.

AND then Dolores Quinn, weeping over her linoleum-salesman husband's possible fickleness, pleased to have ardent, admiring little Tam in her dressing-room to flatter her, to tell her that no woman in the world could get Leander away from her. And one afternoon in Dolores' dressing-room Maynard Mallory idly chatting, laughing, quick to appreciate the little visitor, asking Tam in that voice of his that was so thrilling on the screen, "But why haven't I ever seen you before?"

Mayne had taken her out to Bohemia, to Joe Holloway's studio, where everyone had been talking poetry and pictures, and where at the long, informal table they had lingered over their salads, broken fresh pieces from the long French loaf. "Mayne's girl," they had called her from the very beginning, and she remembered now with what pleasure and pride she had first heard it. . . .

Ah, well, if one could go back and relive just a few weeks, if one could but see on an ordinary-appearing day just what it was that marked it as different from all the other days that ever were to be, how different life might become! But there was never any going back. The few hours, or days, or weeks melted into the great river of time, but the stream never ran quite clear and true again.

The waking dream became a real dream, and Tamara slept deep, and awakened in the delicious dewy freshness of the summer morning with no time for further introspection. The whole house was astir by eight o'clock, and at nine they were all at the small, tree-shaded church that stood at a turn of the road; Tam in a softly flowered chiffon of dim dark blues and lighter blues, with a brimmed blue hat; Mary in stiff blue linen; George looking browner than ever in white flannels.

Fifteen minutes later George and Tamara kissed the others goodbye, and climbed into the waiting car. With a final wave from Tamara's hand they went down the shady road, and turned into the highway. The miles began to slide by; the closely packed environs of San Francisco were gone; they struck out westward across the long bridge that spanned the upper bay and the marshes, and caught the first hot breath of the tremendous reaches of the fruited valley beyond. Tam's face grew pale with the heat, but the little car moved on steadily, and by three o'clock their way had carried them up into the high, cool mountain, and the golden trunks and emerald tufts of the Sierra pines were shading the world.

There was a stop at the Lake Hotel

to freshen and change, and to enjoy with ravenous appetites the impromptu meal of eggs and corn and fresh hot rolls. Then Tam appeared once again in the camping regalia of jeans and sweater, red handkerchief and brimmed hat, tin cup and bowie knife, and the late afternoon rocking-chair sitters on the wide veranda saw the tall, lean cowboy lead up the horses, and Tam and George mount them, and the little cavalcade set off for the timberline country.

The "outfit" was composed of the laconic Roy and his nephew, young Roy, four horses and four pack mules. In Roy's packs, strapped securely with greasy, heavy belts to the mules, was the entire camp equipment: a dressing-tent, the canvas bags and the sleeping bags, the stove and pans and groceries, the guns and fishing tackle. The long shadows of the horses' legs and their own shadows lay before them as they turned eastward, and the glory of the late summer afternoon possessed a hushed and dreaming world.

"Hit's all of six miles to camp; that goin' to be too much for Mis' Davis?" Roy had asked. Tam had said eagerly that it would not be at all too far. She loved riding, and she loved "Sally," the big, gentle mare who was carrying her so high and so lightly. "Wall, I brung some stuff where I kin break it out so's you two kin camp down anywhere if ye git too tired!" Roy had said, expectorating. He had not spoken again for the first magical mile—a mile of silence and fragrance and beauty along an old dirt road that had once led the feet of pioneers into the gold mountains.

Presently he said abruptly: "Guess you'd better put her at that bank, Mis' Davis!"

"Put—?" Tam asked, reining in, her eyebrows raised. There was, to be sure, an effect of the earth and the roots on the steep bank at her right having been scrambled over or dragged down, but she could not conceive of putting Sally at it. However, Sally knew the road if her rider did not, and with a great straining of mighty flanks and a general struggling of great, firm hoofs Sally was up it, and Tam, breathless and laughing and twisting about to see how the men made the grade, was riding straight uphill through scattered pines and junipers and among great boulders exquisitely decorated with mosses and vines. On and on and on.

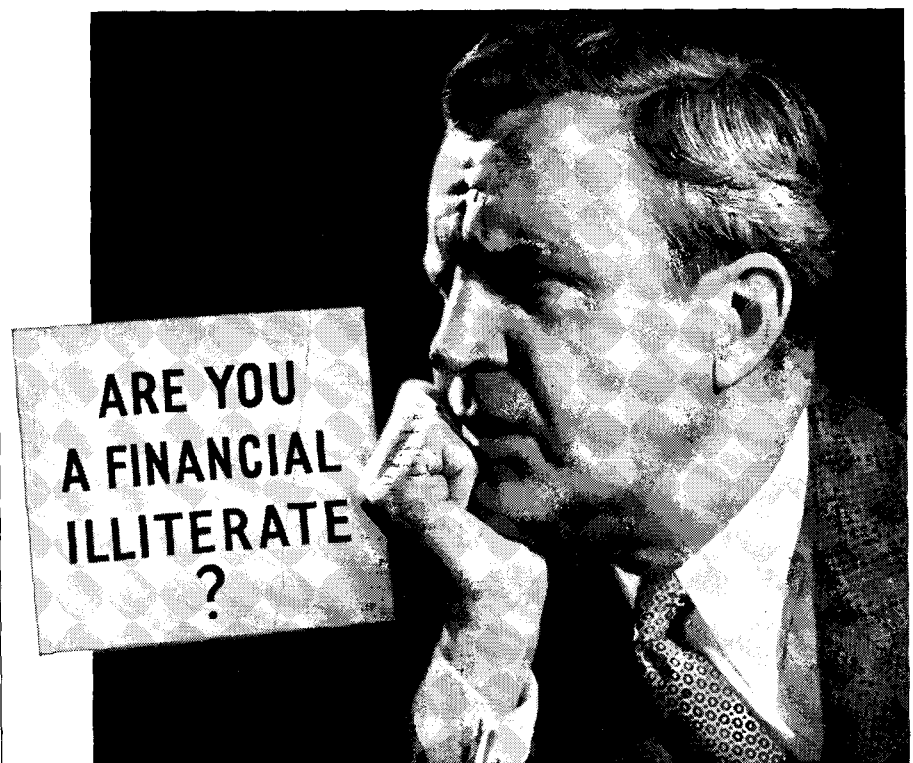
AFTER a while they were going downhill a little more quickly. Tam thought in her secret heart that Sally's lope would break every bone in her body, but it did take them over the ground more quickly, and she was genuinely astonished when Roy said suddenly:

"Wall, here we be!"

And here they were in a glorious, late afternoon light in the high mountains, with sunshine still flooding over a strip of forest meadow, and a branch of the mighty Kings River plunging down over the rocks, through the woods, and spreading itself placidly over the meadows with a rippling, gurgling, flowing sound infinitely restful after the hot, tiring day. Tam had to be helped from her horse and for a few paces she walked stiffly and had to hold tight to George's arm. Then she could explore the exquisite kingdom of the first camp with an enthusiasm that pleased even the noncommittal Roy.

Immediately the horses and mules strayed away into the meadow. The bags were opened and Tam had her towels and her jersey dress over her arm, and was picking her way along the creek bank, past the pools and the rapids and to that special basin Roy had described as "where the last woman I had along liked to wash herself."

(Continued on page 44)



MANY highly educated men and women are illiterates . . . financially. Intellectual, keen-minded, broad-visioned, they direct large enterprises . . . enjoy lucrative professional practices—and never capably manage a dollar they own!

Are you one of these? Pause, now, and think a moment. Of all the money that has come into your hands, how much has passed on, and how much has remained behind? That's the test of financial intelligence. Grade yourself . . . but be honest!

Now, then. What about that boy of yours—or that girl? Shall they, too, grow up to be financial illiterates? Shall they reach middle age with not the slightest conception of how properly to manage the money they earn?

Join Investors Syndicate in an emphatic "No!" to those questions. A widespread concerted expression of opinion will induce school officials

to add a Money Management course to the school curriculum. We are sponsoring that movement. Already, some states are doing so; others are planning to. But many are inactive.

We appeal to Parent-Teachers' associations and school boards everywhere. What are you doing about this? Will you help? We are accumulating much valuable material from schools that are teaching Money Management. An outline of this information will be mailed on request. (Address Money Management Department, Investors Syndicate, Minneapolis, Minnesota.)

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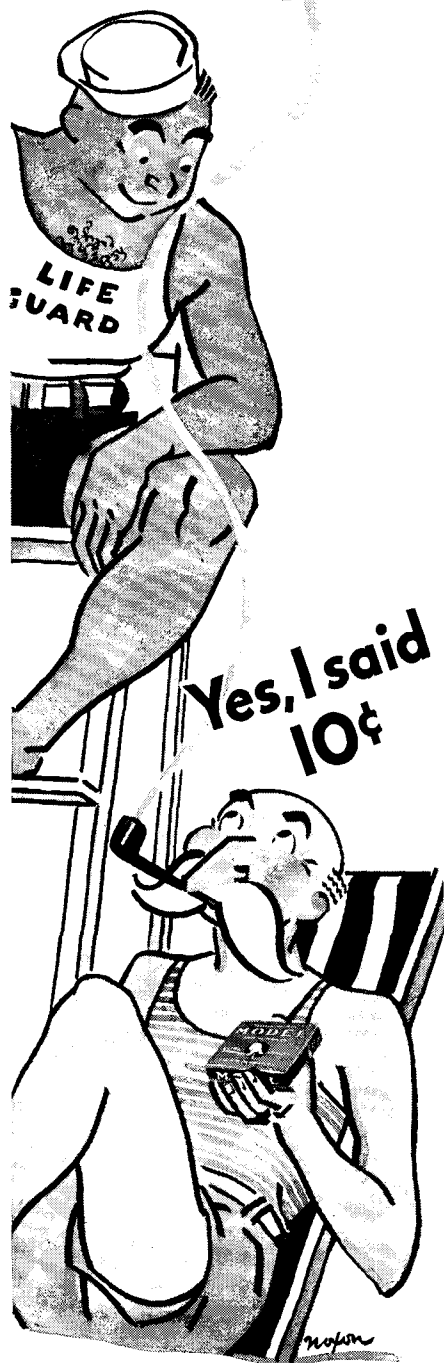
You may add my name to those who want the children of today taught the principles of Money Management in the schools.

No. of Children (if any) Ages

Name

Street City & State

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MODEL SMOKING TOBACCO

IN POUCH OR TIN

TUNE IN YOUR RADIO FRIDAY
PICK AND PAT — COMEDIANS
Popular Melodies — Fri. 9.30 p.m. E.D.T.
TUNE IN YOUR PIPE TODAY

(Continued from page 43)

By this time light was hanging in great, blazing blots and fountains on the eastern slopes, and the sweet-scented smoke of the fire was rising straight up among the pines. Tam found the described pool, deep and still and emerald green and with flights of fish moving in flashes through it, and in a moment was free of the dusty, cramping clothes and into the fresh, cold water. She caught her breath childishly as it took her, plunged bravely into its depths, shaking her wet head like a spaniel as she came up, diving down again. After a while, still laughing and shuddering with the ecstasy of it, she found warm shallows, and the small fringed washcloth and the new cake of fragrant soap she had bought on Polk Street yesterday were busy, and opaque bubbles drifted lazily down the stream.

COMING back to camp, damp of head and scented from head to foot with the sweetness of it all, Tam found George ready for dinner and comfortable in old clothes, waiting on a great log that formed a seat by the fire. There was still broad light everywhere, but the sun was gone except from the tops of the trees and the air had suddenly dropped twenty degrees in temperature. Young Roy was ready with steaks and coffee, baked potatoes and watermelon. "But you won't git this sort of thing 'ceptin' fer a few days," young Roy reminded them, serving the most delicious meal Tamara thought she ever had tasted. "We git into cans 'round about Sunday."

"Well, if we must get into cans on Sunday, we'll manage it!" Tamara told him with a joyous laugh.

He and Roy shared their supper with them. Tamara was so tired, so sleepy, so deliciously ready for the night that she could hardly keep her seat at the smooth-topped stump that served them for a table. But quite suddenly, after supper, she felt almost rested again, and she and George went with Roy to the river bank and tried for trout, her first experience of the raptures of fishing, before they returned for a drowsy half hour of camp-fire talk, and the good nights that said that it was nine o'clock in the mountains.

In the night she awakened to hear the horses' big teeth tearing at the grass, and the river running and rippling, and little wood animals contributing cheeps and crackles and grunts to the utter peace and beauty of the mountain night. "Twenty days of it—twenty days in heaven!" Tam thought, as she went off again to deep sleep.

The enchanted hours went by, and they were all beautiful, and all too short. Sometimes they moved their camp a day's ride farther into the mountains, and tried new fishing, new picnic places. Sometimes they stayed for one day, two, three, in one spot.

Both Roys were always busy with camp affairs, with the stock or with sleep.

Every day there was fishing, idle, sweet, endless hours of it as she and George cast their flies down the rushing little streams and loitered on the hot rocks beside the pools, and every day there was a picnic, with broiled trout and hot biscuits and beans and canned apricots for their fare. Almost every day she and her tin bucket and her naphtha soap were busy with laundry work, and the stream ran with soapy bubbles again, and handkerchiefs and shirts and socks and towels sunned themselves stiff and dry on the hot rocks.

And at night when supper was over, she sat with her back braced against the great logs by the fire with George's arm about her, and they heard the owls cry far off in the trees, and the crackling

of branches as some stealthy mountain wildcat crept along them, and the lazy clink of the mules' hoofs on the rocks by the creek and the cry of frogs and the silences and the cry of frogs again.

Twenty days later they emerged into the commonplace daily world and Tam looked at herself in the blue gown and the blue hat as if she were a stranger. Roads again and motor-cars again and strange persons with strange voices. It all seemed funny! But George's big shoulder was close to hers in the front seat as they drove the long two hundred miles home, and Tam knew now that she would never mind anything else in the world as long as that was there.

"The glory and the beauty of the whole thing is," Tam began—"the glory and the beauty is that it will go on. We're man and wife now, and even though we've got to come back to everyday living we've got that. We have all the fun of taking our apartment and furnishing it, and week-ends with your mother, and cases, and maybe the election as district attorney."

Again the hot little valley towns moved by, and again in late afternoon light they reached cooler weather, this time foggy weather, for the mists were pouring in in great waves from the sea and the leaves of the trees hung wet and motionless under a pall of white. George's mother and Mary came out of the house as the motor stopped and there was a babel of welcome, questions and embraces.

"Oh," said Tam, trailing upstairs, with Mary hopping after her step by step, "I'm not sure but what this is the best of all! Oh, I need a bath—oh, how lovely and orderly and quiet everything is—oh, I smell corn and gingerbread and roast beef!"

"Some letters came for you, Tam," the older Mary called from the lower hall. "They're up there on your bureau. But supper'll be ready in twenty minutes."

"I'll be prompt!" Tam called back. "George, don't you stay down there too long!" and with Mary an interested observer she got herself bathed and into fresh clothing, caught up her mail.

The top letter was only an advertisement. The handwriting on the second envelope made her throat thicken and her spine turn cold. She knew that sprawling hand!

HALF an hour later, when they were at supper, George's mother mentioned the Maynard Mallory case.

"Didn't you two see anything of it? But of course you didn't! It only happened about a week ago. It's caused a tremendous amount of excitement—newspaper excitement, anyway. He's a Hollywood actor, isn't he, Tam?"

"Yes. Used to be," George supplied. "I haven't seen his name for years. He married an actress named Florice Fanette, I think."

"Well, that's it, you see. He murdered her."

"No—o—o?" George said, widening his eyes. "Confess?"

"Confess nothing. But they say they know he did it."

"They were divorced," Tam's dry throat said.

"Yes," the older Mary answered. "But it seems they were remarried again about a year ago. They had squabbled about her property, and one of the papers hints that they only remarried again because of it. Anyway, they came up to San Francisco last week and gave some parties at the Victorine, and they say there was a quarrel. The next day he says he woke up at about nine and instantly roused the whole place. She was lying in the bathroom dead, with her head beaten in."

"He did it, eh?" George asked, interested. "What duck soup for Mullins! They'll have to try it up here."

"He says—but of course he would—that he didn't do it."

"They've juggled him?"

"Oh, yes, and he's indicted. His pictures make him look a horrid, bloated sort of character," Mrs. Hutton said. "But there's been great excitement about it, and they say he's going to get Haight for his defense."

"You say she was killed in the bathroom?"

"She was lying in the tub with her arms over on the floor. They haven't found any weapon, but I saw an article today that said that was partly because they didn't quite know what to look for."

"No gun or stick or anything?"

"He has a walking-stick with a metal head, but it wasn't bloody."

"Any blood on him? There was probably plenty of it."

"The floor was a pool and the walls were spattered. But the blood on him might have been because he said he knelt down and caught her up in his arms and tried to revive her."

"LOOKS bad," George mused aloud. "It'll be a short shrift for him."

"I suppose so. But he has money to fight with. She was rich; she had married a Wall Street man in New York, who died a few years ago, and she left a will leaving everything to Mallory."

"He can't buy Mullins, I'll say that for Mullins," George said. Tam was very quiet, playing with her food. She ate nothing. It was late in the evening, and Mary and her Gran had gone upstairs to bed before Tam began quietly: "George, we're in trouble."

"Who's in trouble, infant? This," George said, luxuriating in firelight with his wife half on his knee and half on the arm of his big chair, and his arm about her. "This doesn't seem to me like trouble."

"Oh, George, my darling, my darling, if only I had gone under the rapids that day up at Simpson's Meadow," Tam breathed.

"What are you talking about, Tam?" George said, amazed. He sat up, taking away his arm, and they looked at each other. "What on earth's the matter?" he ejaculated.

"Everything," she said simply, with a dry throat.

"No, but what is it, Tam?" he asked alarmed. "You feel sick?"

"Heartsick," she answered, laying a hand lightly on his arm. Tears came into her eyes and she shook them away and sat squared about, and looking at him patiently like a hurt animal.

"Tell me, darling," the man said, gently now. Without saying anything she put a crumpled sheet of cheap hotel letter paper into his hand. George leaned back and jerked on a light to read it.

"My dear old Tam," he read, "I am in pretty bad shape for something I never did. I want to see your husband and I want to see him mighty soon. Someone has got to see me through this like he did the Elliot case. Get in touch with me—"

The formless, blustering writing ended with the signature "Mayne."

"What's he to you?" George asked, staring at her, completely at a loss.

"That's—that's just it. That's what I didn't tell you, when we first talked years ago. That's what you said you didn't ever want to know," Tam said.

There was a long silence. Ashes fell in the fireplace; the clock ticked; the lamp burned softly. Tamara saw the hard red color come up into George's face and his jaw set. His big hand began gently to beat on her hand as it lay spread on his breast.

"I see, Tam," he observed at last gently. "I see."

"He's Mary's father!" she said.

(To be continued next week)

The Headache from the Hills

Continued from page 17

front," he instructed. "Straight to dat kitchen door, yonder. I wants to see how you wawks."

Sweet tried to "wawk" impressively, but he was self-conscious and awkward, moving through the plowed field.

At the house, Giles shouted for Betsy to "bring out some grub," and out she came with a huge iron pot and a side dish of cold corn bread. The pot contained snap beans boiled with thick slices of salt pork.

When Sweet had eaten about half the amount he had planned to eat, Giles picked up the kettle and set it inside the house. "Come on," he ordered briefly. "I got a good settin'-down job for you."

THEY walked through a mile of cotton, turned into the hayfield, and presently came to the scene of Sweet's new job. A hay press, run by a big gasoline engine, was thundering away with a terrible roar. Two bull-rake teams were dragging the loose hay up, and six big men with pitchforks were loading the hopper table. One man stood on the table, cramming hay into the hopper as fast as six men could pile it up. And the hay, neatly pressed and wired, came streaming out the other end of the machine at the rate of a hundred bales an hour.

Sweet had never seen the like of it, not even in the Three-C camp. "Great day in de mawnin'!" he exclaimed. "Ev'ybody got to work dat fast all de time? Dat whangin' and bangin' jest about sho' gonter gimme a haidache."

Suddenly Sweet found himself sitting down on a bale of hay, close to the baler. Giles was telling him exactly what to do. "Stick de wires in hyar quick as de block clears de posts. Den you gits de new block, and drap hit in de hopper. Den you runs de wires in dis hole and tie 'em. But not too tight. Jest watch Iler for a few bales and you git de hang of hit."

Sweet watched Iler tie the hay. He noted that Iler actually did sit down on the bale while he was knotting the wires. But as soon as the wires were knotted, Iler jumped up, grabbed a block from the rear of the press and trotted to the hopper with it.

"Fix dis wire, yo'-se'f," Iler encouraged. "Jest loop hit in, like dis." Sweet tied the wires and raced to the rear of the baler for the block. The block was placed in the hopper just as the press rammed against the hay, and Sweet was pushed by his tutor back to the bale on which he sat for tying the wires.

"Efn you don't git de block plum down," Iler warned, "hit'll jam de press and bust things up, and den Giles'll kill you."

Sweet tied a half dozen bales and then looked around for Iler's approval. He was disappointed by the total lack of interest in what he thought was praiseworthy effort, but he was too rushed to do much worrying about it. As soon as the block was set, he had to race back and set the wires in the new bale that already was halfway through the machine. And by the time he had the wires set, he had to trot to the rear of the baler and pick up the block which had just been released and run back to the hopper with it. On the way back to the hopper he had to sit down and tie the wires he had just set.

Sweet had never in his life moved so fast. He was caught in an unending mill race and forced to move with it. The afternoon finally passed. Sweet couldn't decide whether he had been tying hay for a million years or just

for one unreal, awful moment. Anyway, it began to grow dark and someone stopped the engine and that stopped the steady stream of hay and the dreadful noise.

When Sweet stood up and stretched, everything seemed so quiet he was afraid to speak. The other men trailed off toward the barn, and Sweet followed in silence. The men talked and sang but their voices sounded far off.

After a long walk, Sweet came to the barn. Giles asked, "Well, you made hit, did you?"

Sweet mumbled, "Yassuh." "Yonder yo' house," Giles pointed to a cabin on the bayou. "Yo' woman got some rations 'while ago, and I reckon she got 'em cooked. Don't eat too heavy tonight, and git some good sleep. And I'll see you at sun-up. In de hayfield!" Sweet stumbled along the path to his cabin.

Delia had supper ready. She was bubbling over with enthusiasm and she greeted Sweet warmly. "Now set down, darlin'," she told him, "whilst I dishes up dis grub. How'd you make out in de field?"

"I got me a haidache," Sweet mumbled. "Dat lever flyin' back and bangin' right inside my years—"

Delia looked straight at Sweet. The coolness of her voice was enough to chill him. "You startin' dat again?" she demanded. "Hyar I'm gittin' along fancy, workin' in de bottoms, and you claimin' a haidache! Set down and eat!"

Sweet slid into a chair and looked at the food. "I ain't hongry," he muttered. "Ev'y time I looks at dem victuals, my stomach weave f'm side to side." He batted his eyes a few times, swallowed, and pushed his chair back. "I b'lieve I'll set on de po'ch and git some air."

He went outside and leaned against a post. The pounding in his head eased, and he relaxed into a half-sleeping state of disinterested consciousness.

DELIA came out, too, presently, and sat on the steps. Women, strolling the bayou path in the cool of the evening, stopped and chatted with her by way of welcoming her to Little Bee Bend.

"Ain't y'all got no mens around hyar?" Delia asked a fat, friendly old lady who seemed to be the moving spirit of the welcome party. "Dis looks like a chivaree, only in de hills de mens chivarees same as de ladies."

"De work too tight, now," the fat woman told her. "De Bible say, 'Blessed is de man which keep close to home when de hay is down and de crop is grassy.' Don't you read de Bible, sister?"

"I never read dat text," Delia confessed.

"Giles made B'r Charlie preach dat'n last Sunday," the fat woman explained, "and efn I do say so myse'f, dat nigger preached de fool outn hit. You ought to drap around, come Sunday."

The women ambled along, and the talk stopped. After a while, a man walked up the path and stopped right in front of the house. Sweet saw that it was Iler, the man whose job he had taken earlier in the day, but Sweet paid him no mind.

He heard Iler and Delia talking—casually at first, and then their conversation grew specific. Iler, it developed, had noticed the way Delia chopped cotton, and he liked her style. He explained that he needed a good cotton chopper, since his regular wife had proved so incapable he had found it nec-

(Continued on page 46)

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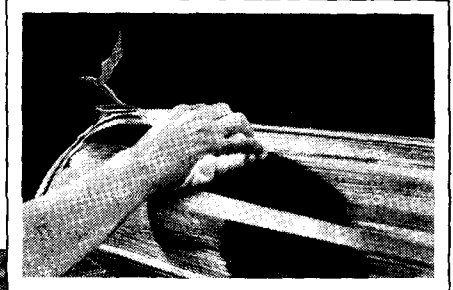
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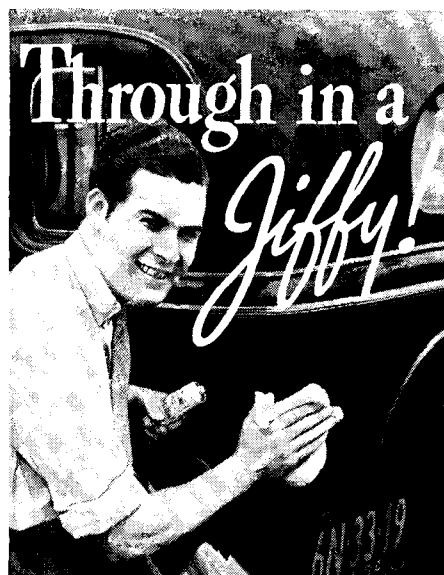
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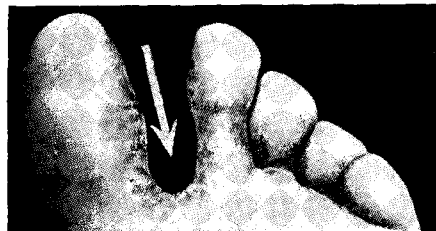
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(Continued from page 45)

essary to "run her off." Would Delia be interested?

"I'm sort er married up to Sweet, yonder," Delia told Iler. "He might not like dat."

Sweet heard Iler say, "Who keer what dat no 'count hill nigger don't like? You's wastin' yo' time wid him, baby. You better run him off and let me move in." Sweet heard Iler say those very words, and it made him angry. Not very angry, but mildly so. He thought, without actually saying the words: "Dat ain't no way to tawk to no woman about her husband."

Delia laughed and said, "He sho' ain't worth killin', and he too lazy to die by hisse'f." Those words hurt Sweet. His lips moved and in his mind he said: "Don't fuss like dat, darlin', hit'll make my haid start achin' again."

Iler started to say something else, but before he had time to say it Sweet heard another man's steps in the path. Iler heard them, too, and he said, "Hit's Giles, wawkin' de bayou. Hide me quick! Efn he kotched me ramblin' tonight, he'd break my neck."

"Git inside de house," Delia advised, and Iler disappeared into the blackness of the cabin just as Giles came up.

"Takin' de breezes?" he greeted pleasantly, to Delia. "I see yo' man is gittin' a little sleep. And dat's right. A man like him got to git plenty sleep in de night, efn he gonter work like dat endurin' de day."

"Did he work all O. K.?" Delia asked nervously.

"Did he work all O. K.?" Giles repeated. "Gal, he's de tawk er de hay-field! I never was so fooled by a hill nigger in my life. I thought you was de good'n in dat family, so I put you to choppin' cotton and I put yo' man on de meanest job I got. I pulled a no-'count nigger nam' Iler offn dat job, jest to give hit to yo' man. And f'm what I hyars, dat nigger tied hay, smack to de sun went down, and he never lost a bale! Dat fool Sweet never even grumbled!"

SWEET had never heard such talk about himself before, and he was so surprised he came out of his relaxed semi-consciousness. "I didn't had time to grumble," he explained. "Hit kept me hompin' all de time to git all de stuff done, so's I c'd set down and tie up de bales."

Giles laughed heartily. "Listen at dat fool makin' jokes like dat, after tyin' up six hund'ed bales er hay. Sweet, you got de kind er grits I likes for a Bee Bend nigger to have. Hit ain't many river niggers and no hill niggers a-tall kin tie hay like dat."

"I used to set blocks in de sawmill," Sweet said vaguely.

"And he might' nigh worked his fool se'f to death in dat Three-C camp," Delia lied blandly.

"And I was on de C. W. and A. some, too," Sweet added.

"A railroadin' nigger, hunh?" Giles could hardly contain his admiration. "And de white lady wid de gov'ner job told me you want'n no 'count for nothin'."

Sweet maintained a modest silence, but Delia explained. "Dat white lady," she said, "mean de best in de world, but she workin' for Uncle Sam."

"Dat's a natchal fack," Giles agreed. "Quick as somebody git mixed up wid Uncle Sam, dey gits kind er wrong. I hyared tell er hill niggers gittin' free rations f'm Uncle Sam, and den lay 'round, too lazy to go git 'em."

"I 'members hyarin' some er de same tawk," Delia said.

"Well," Giles concluded, "hit ain't no p'int in standin' hyar argyin'. You make out purty fair wid de hoe, and you'll git better when you gits de swing. And yo' man is jest natchally got too much grits

to burn out at de hay press. So I got a crop er ha'f made cotton for y'all startin' in de mawnin'. Iler got to ramblin' so much at night and sleepin' so much in de day dat his woman runned off and quit him, and den his field got grassy. So I'm takin' his crop away f'm him and puttin' him back on de hay press. Hit'll take a fair cotton chopper wid a hoe, and a natchal hawn man wid plenty grits to handle dat field, and, Sweet, I reckon you and Delia jest about fill dat ticket up."

"Ya-ah," Sweet agreed gloomily, because he couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Hit'll sho' be a favor, Mist' Giles," Delia added as the foreman walked away.

THERE were a few moments of silence. Delia wondered if Iler had heard what Giles said. She wondered if Sweet had been asleep when she and Iler were talking. Her brain fairly floated in uncertainties. She did not know what to do or say.

Sweet's mind, however, was clear as a bell. The whole dismal future spread before him, a long, tiresome certainty. He would have to make Iler's crop. Giles had said it, and he knew there was no arguing with Giles. He might, he realized, escape to the hills, but that would mean miles and miles of weary walking. And he'd have to go alone, too. Delia had her heart set on making a crop in the bottoms and he doubted if he could argue her out of it, even if he were willing to take the trouble to argue with Delia. It would be tough, of course, working a Johnson-grass cotton field, but it clearly was the easiest way out of the whole mess.

"I might not be no man," he muttered, "but I got to mock a man, efn I'm gonter stay hyar."

"What's you say, Sweet?" Delia asked him.

"I said, go git my supper, and don't argy back at me no more," Sweet told her. He tried to make his voice sound gruff and commanding, like Giles'.

"I didn't know you wanted—"

Sweet stood up. "Don't argy at me, woman!" His voice sounded more like Giles' now. A little practice was all he needed, he figured. "How'm I gonter work like a man endurin' de day efn I got to argy wid a fool woman all night? Git my supper!"

Delia rose and fled hurriedly through the door.

"And send dat Iler nigger you's hidin', out hyar," Sweet yelled after her.

Iler came out, uncertain and embarrassed. "Evenin', all," he ventured. "I jest drapped by—"

"Efn you draps by again," Sweet warned him, "I'll raise me a humbug like you ain't never seen."

Iler retreated sideways, and Sweet figured he ought to do something about it. He jumped and grabbed Iler and both rolled off the porch together. Iler was on top when they hit the ground, but he hit it running and he had disappeared before Sweet had time even to sit up.

"I hope," Sweet whined to himself, "dat fall don't start my haid achin' again."

"Hyar's yo' supper, darlin'," Delia called from the door.

"Bring hit out hyar," Sweet commanded. "Is a man got to run all over de place, jest to eat?"

Delia brought out the food and set it down by her man. "You sho' did had me fooled, darlin'," she said proudly.

"Don't start no argyin', now," Sweet ordered. "Go put me a pallet down on de front po'ch, so's us kin git some air. And you git to sleep. A woman got to sleep at night to work in my cotton patch."

How's Your Background?

Continued from page 22

fire, with big chairs on either side and a long table in back with lamps and lots of magazines and books. There would be chintzes, but also interesting textures in plain color, thoroughly feminine materials like taffeta and plenty of mirrors to reflect the light and correct the make-up. A pleasant corner would provide tea or coffee, as well as cocktails, flanked by trays of sandwiches. Everything in and about the place would proclaim a well-trained staff, kept up to their jobs by a mistress they adored—someone who was always holding out her hands to people who tumbled out of motors.

Stepping across lots on our pilgrimage of the imagination, let us go on to the house I should like to decorate for the lady with the feminine figure and the masculine brain, who wears gorgeous clothes to make her entrances at The Grove, simple clothes at other times by choice, and never misses a date with her fight-fan friends on Tuesday night—Mae West.

Here there should never be too strong a light—no direct sun even at noonday—and the feeling of well-padded comfort would be as much in evidence as the feeling of pink and gilt. The textures are satin, velvet and fur, with a big white bear rug in front of the fire. Those pieces of furniture not meant for sitting or lolling are very amusing and delicately proportioned—inlaid lacquer, *papier-mâché* or white and gold German baroque. The pictures are gay and bright, and there is a pair of tables with a lamp on each, completely surrounded with photographs in silver frames. Everywhere that one can possibly be needed there is a little table with cigarettes and ash trays, and there are at least two handy headquarters for drinks. A radio, a phonograph and a piano share honors.

From the Mae West house, the transition to that for Kay Francis and her type would be almost breath-taking. Miss West's rooms should express the eternal feminine, Miss Francis' ought to be the stage on which the drama of fashion moves so fast that the scene shifter seems one of the family.

A House of Magic

Today, they say one thing, next week another—a series of comments on the newest and smartest trends. Yet if I were doing Miss Francis a house at the moment, I should install one expensive and permanent feature in the elegantly proportioned living-room—a concealed lighting system built in to change the color and texture of practically everything on which it shone.

For ordinary daytime light, there would be a gold carpet, with a simply figured Moroccan wool rug in front of the fireplace and one of sewn fur by the big sofa across from it. The rest of the room would be in warm tones, shading from tortoise shell through amber, sherry, honey and sand to palest flesh. With the aid of those wizard lights, all this could become cold and glittering—the beiges would turn gray, the dark browns black, the in-between values take on a moonlit quality. Again, a gamut of blues from aquamarine to the full, intense tropical tones of sea and sky could background a change of mood and costume. And, for a chilly evening, the warm colors could be made even warmer—with the exception, of course, of the darkest notes—shading through pinks to salmon and rose. The effect on the various textures would be just as startling—a smoothing out in

the colder lights, a deepening and softening when the colors grew warm.

Translating such a house into terms the average woman could afford isn't easy, but—if you're the type who stands for fashion's latest whim you can do it, if you remember that the effect is the thing. Velveteen instead of velvet; sateen or cotton-backed satin in place of all silk; a less expensive carpet; slip-covers that can be changed without much outlay, instead of upholstery that can't; an indefatigable habit of haunting shops and auctions to pick up prizes; and a good, strong-backed man, who may be hired or married, to lug furniture from one room to the other—these are the things to demand of life.

For a Woman of the World

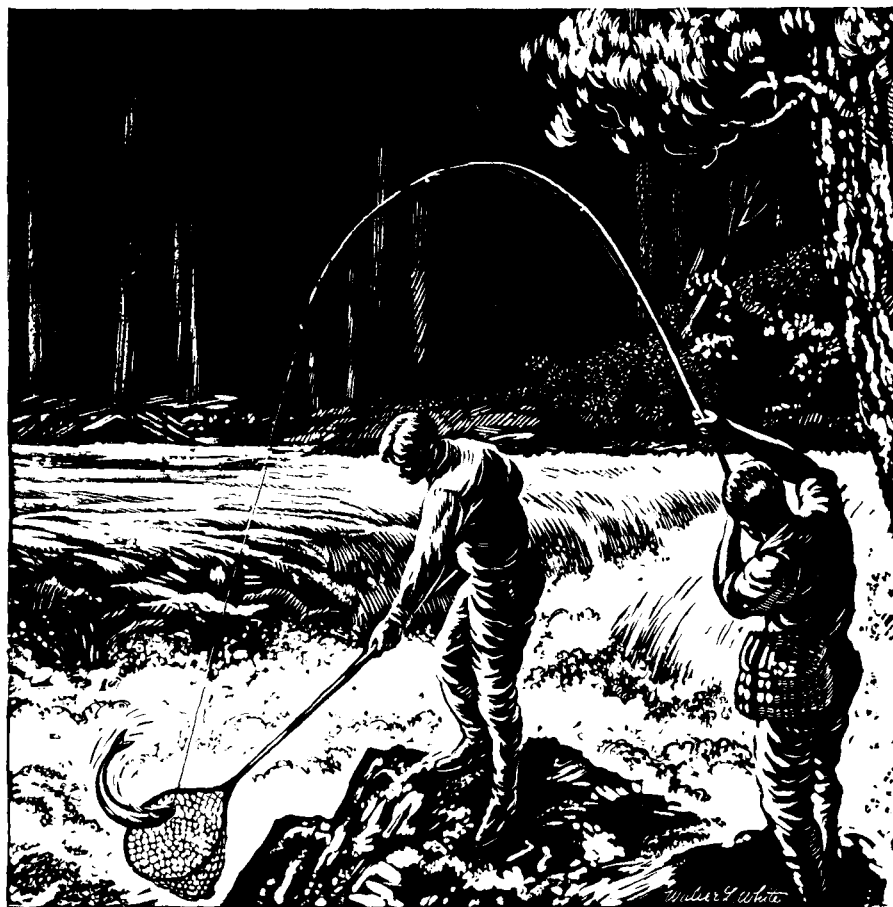
Constance Bennett says that her ideal house could exist nowhere but in France, and the only compromise she would consider is a French house in America. For her, then, and for other similarly chic and finished women of the world whose minds are cast in the European mold, I should create an interior to accommodate not only signed French pieces and old brocades, but the modern super-comfort that distinguishes a smart French house of the moment from those stilted museum exhibits seen all too often among the rich and stuffy over here.

The living-room would be paneled with fine old French paper, the styles between the panels painted pale blue-green almost like the ghost of robin's-egg. The ideal floor would be a superb parquet; but, if this weren't available, I should use a plain blue-gray room-sized rug, with small, exquisite Aubussons or Savonneries in blue, green, rose and eggplant. The curtains would be of brocaded damask in blues, greens, whites and yellows, those tones repeated in fringes. Valances would top these curtains. Taffeta undercurtains a little lighter than the walls, plain looped fringe in the darker blue and pleated holland shades with decorative border and large monogram-and-cipher in a panel would complete the windows.

The furniture in this room would be of walnut and fruitwood—each piece signed, each perfect of its kind and perfectly upholstered in the exact texture it ought to have.

Against one wall I should place a commode in some shiny wood like oysterwood, or in Coromandel lacquer with a brown ground and figures of pale blue and white. Between the windows you would see a pair of those serve-yourself marble-topped tables that the French call *rafraichissoir*, the equivalent of tea table or bar in less continental houses. Other convenient little tables would have inlaid tops, or be veneered in fishskin, straw or tinted parchment.

And now, if I've really done my job, I've given each of you several houses to which you feel profoundly indifferent, at least one that makes you shudder—and one, I hope, into which you could walk and feel at home. If you and your friends don't agree on which is which, so much the better. Read over again the description of the house you like best and go on to think it out more fully than I've been able to do on paper. Change it as much as you like in detail, but keep the thing it says, the thing you say yourself. If the house you live in now gives the same impression, you're on the right track. If not, take your first available money and begin to make it over.



CARE-FREE

Whether in recreation or business—life is more pleasant when no distracting thoughts keep nudging their way into our minds.

Year upon year Prest-O-Lite batteries have been the replacement choice of millions of motorists who have learned through experience that—so far as the battery is concerned—with a Prest-O-Lite you start every trip with assurance—end it without interruption.

Built to deliver miles and months of care-free service—its low price notwithstanding—you can install no better battery.

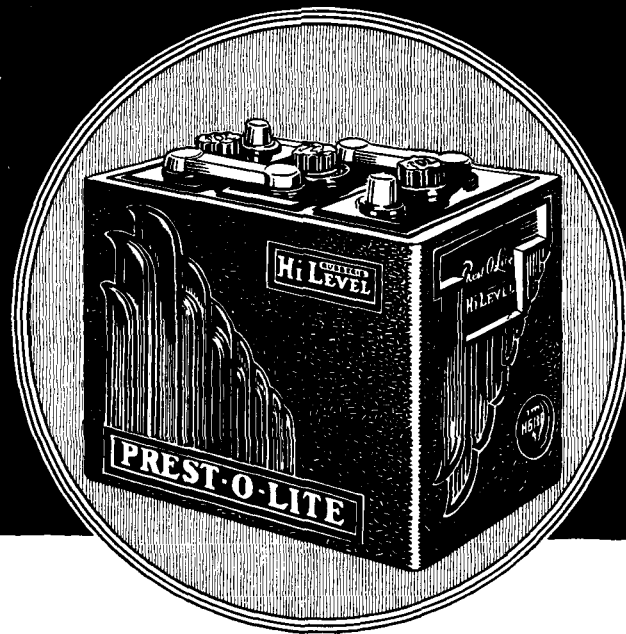
Your neighborhood service station will be glad to explain wherein and why Prest-O-Lite batteries excel.

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BATTERIES



A TRUE STORY



From SWITZERLAND War Nurse writes of her Amazing Recovery

"DURING the war, helping to nurse the wounded in France," writes Mrs. Reuss, 145 Birsigstrasse, Basle, Switzerland, "I caught dysentery in the military hospital. The Doctor ordered a strong special aperient water which cut the attack short, but which I had to take repeatedly when attacks recurred, and this happened pretty often during a year or two afterwards. This frequent taking of aperients, and cathartics, left me with a weakened digestion and inflamed bowels.

"Shortly after the war I was in Paris in a very run-down condition, suffering from auto-intoxication and sciatica due to faulty elimination. I consulted one of the leading Paris specialists for digestive trouble and he ordered (——). I tried it, but not only did it not help but made me feel sick all the next day. After several trials I gave it up and things went from bad to worse.

"In 1921, being at Basle, in Switzerland, I consulted the best Professor there; he ordered 'NUJOL.' Feeling rather dubious, I nevertheless bought a bottle of Nujol and found, to my intense relief, that its gentle and soothing action not only rid my system of the accumulated poisons, but did not in the least interfere with my appetite. When I told the Professor about this he was not at all surprised, but said it was owing to the absolute purity and the right density of Nujol for the human system.

"Not only have I got rid of all my troubles, but feel years younger and would not for the world be without a bottle of Nujol. I have no trace of rheumatism, my complexion is as clear as a girl's, although I am over fifty years of age and have to sit most of the day, being a teacher of languages.

"You may publish my letter and I hope that many sufferers may find relief as I have, now for over ten years."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork" now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, 2 Park Avenue, Department 2-S, New York City.

Lady Cynthia, as radical in her way as her handsome husband, helped him materially in his career; and, incidentally, she used the millions from America for her own political advancement. At one time both the Mosleys, Oswald and Cynthia, were members of that House of Commons which he is now trying so hard to remake. When he "crossed the floor" she tripped along by his side.

Her death last year was a cruel blow to him; undoubtedly she would have made a dashing Blackshirt. Her Chicago-born fortune passed into the hands of her husband. Ever since—swelled by contributions from rich Britons of Fascist inclinations, especially Lord Rothermere, owner of the powerful London Daily Mail—the Leiter millions have been the financial backbone of British Fascism.

The main headquarters of the Mosley Fascists are in Chelsea, London's Greenwich Village. Sir Oswald and his black-shirted staff manage their campaign from a big gray brick building, not far from the imposing edifice inside which the House of Commons (which he wants to reform) and the House of Lords (which he wants to dump into the ash-can) make speeches and enact legislation.

Anybody who knows the Brown House, where Adolf Hitler planned the campaign which made him master of Germany, must pinch himself, as he goes through the British Fascist headquarters, to remember that he is in London and not Munich.

At the Sign of the Swastika

The Hitler atmosphere is everywhere. In one room, the most prominent decorations are a picture of the Prince of Wales and a genuine Hitlerite swastika. In another, on one of the walls, is a map of Britain, into which pins, with heads of different colors, have been stuck, to denote places where British Fascism is represented, and the relative strength of the Fascist units in each. This map is an exact counterpart of the one, proudly displayed to me in the Munich Brown House shortly before Hitler's accession to power, by the late Captain Roehm, who was commander of the storm-troops in the Hitler Brown-shirt army until deposed and executed by order of his chief.

Hitlerism is not popular in England. So Sir Oswald Mosley prefers, in pushing his campaign, to soft-pedal the debt of British Fascism to its Teutonic inspirer. Instead, he likes to harp on the glory of Mussolini and the grandeur of Mussolinian Italy. Nevertheless, Hitlerism sticks out in the Chelsea citadel like a sore thumb.

Oswald the Blackshirt explains his ambitious program for a British "Corporate State," along Mussolinian lines, as follows:

"The Corporate State will consist of corporations, each embracing an appropriate area of connected and interlocking industries. They will be self-governing bodies, controlled by representatives of employers and workers, to whom will be added representatives of consumers' interests, appointed by the National Corporation, with the approval of the government.

"The function of the State will in no case be the conduct of industry, but rather the demarcation of the limits within which industry may operate, which will be determined by the interests of the nation as a whole. The National Corporation will be the synthesis

England's Hitler

Continued from page 11

of all the other corporations, and will represent the pooled experience and technique of the nation's industrial system, operating under the auspices of Fascist government. Through the National Corporation, Fascism will mobilize the industrial ability and energy of the country for purposes of national reconstruction.

"A new election will be held, on an occupational and not on a geographical franchise. A doctor will vote as a doctor, a steel-worker as a steel-worker, a woman clerk as a woman clerk, a mother as a mother.

"All will vote within their own trade or interest, on subjects with which they are familiar, for personnel they know well. Fascism claims that this system affords a better representation of the people than the orgy of baby-kissing and bazaar-opening by candidates dumped on a locality by a party caucus, which is at present called a General Election to express the will of the people. Thus a technical Parliament, suitable to the modern and scientific age, will be elected, to assist government by its advice on every aspect of modern life."

On that other subject so close to his Fascist heart, the elimination of foreign markets, the Blackshirt leader says:

"The building of a Britain as nearly as possible self-contained and an Empire entirely self-contained is the declared objective of the British Union of Fascists. Great Britain will always be dependent on other countries for some of its foodstuffs, which cannot be produced here, and for many of its raw materials. All these products, however, are available within our own Empire, and it is possible to create an 'insulated' or 'autarchic' Empire economic system which is entirely self-contained."

Sir Oswald is no friend of the high financial interests of our day. He shakes his fist threateningly at the magnates of London and New York—especially New York.

"What holds us back," he asks dramatically, "from this mighty conception of Empire as an economic and spiritual unit, insulated from the chaos and follies of the outside world? The force of international finance is the answer—for the sub-branch of Wall Street is now situated in the City of London. Those financiers, many of

them aliens, have advanced great loans to foreign countries, and have equipped against us our industrial competitors all over the world."

How can Mosley and his uniformed private army of Fascists get away with all this theatricalism in unemotional England? I put that question to a Londoner—a typical Englishman if ever there was one. He replied:

"We English may be essentially calm and colorless, but we have a soft spot in our hearts for show and panoply. How about the opening of Parliament by the King, with all the lackeys in gold and scarlet, and the gorgeous carriages and high-stepping horses? Take my own case:

Earls for a Day

"The other night I went to a fancy dress ball. I was the Earl of Sussex—doublet and hose, ruff around my neck, sword by my side, big hat, with a long curly feather. I strutted. I threw myself into noble attitudes. I felt like an earl. Hang it all, I was an earl!

"But when I got home, still every inch an earl, I found a letter on the table in the front hall from the electric light company. It said that unless I paid my outstanding bill within seven days my lights would be cut off.

"Bang! I wasn't the Earl of Sussex any more!

"That's the way with our British Fascists. Just now they feel fine in their fancy black shirts.

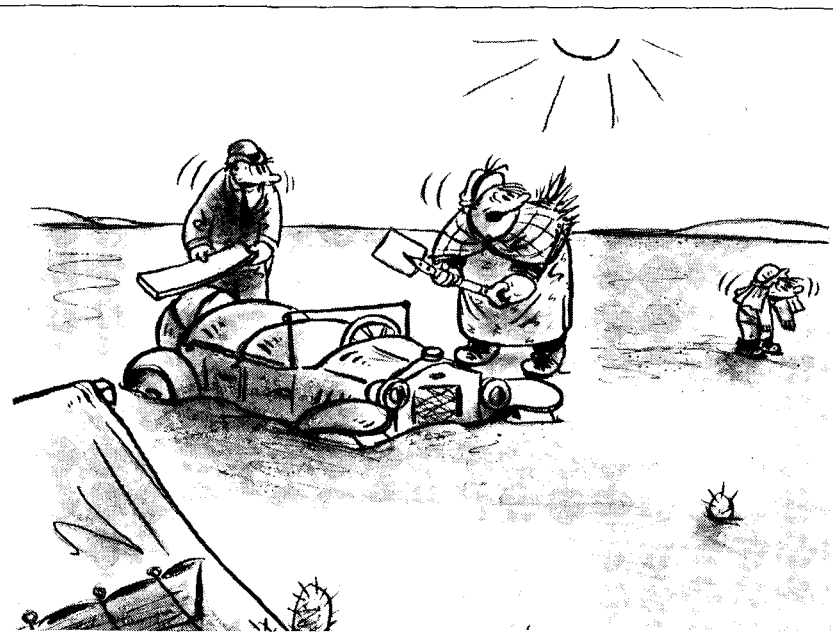
"But some day soon they'll get an awful jolt—from their British common sense, or from seeing the grin on the faces of the crowd, or from policemen's clubs colliding with the tops of their skulls—just as I got a jolt from that letter from the electric light company.

"I woke up. They'll wake up. Want to bet?"

That is the opinion of the great majority of the British people. A few, though, cannot help reflecting:

"A dozen years ago Mussolini was jeered at as a windbag. A dozen years ago Hitler was ridiculed as a clown."

And, with a worried look on their faces, they return to the morning paper's report of the latest clash between Mosley's Blackshirts and their foes, staged to the usual accompaniment of uproar and insult, blackened eyes and broken heads.



"All of a sudden you remember that sheiks don't work. You're goin' to help clean up the mess the sand storm made!"

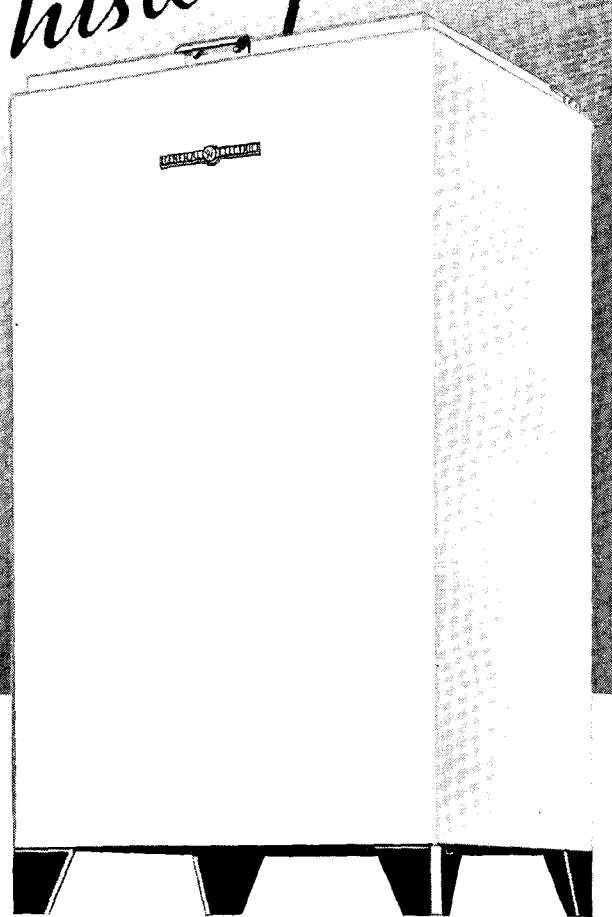
FRANK OWEN



NOW! A GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR
at the lowest cost in history!

\$77⁵⁰
 PLUS FREIGHT

A revolutionary new General Electric Liftop Refrigerator with Famous General Electric sealed-in-steel mechanism. All-steel cabinet. Lowest operating cost in the world.

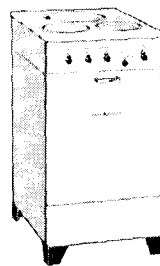


NOW the convenience and economy of General Electric refrigeration, is within reach of every home—every income. This amazing new G-E Liftop refrigerator will readily accommodate the food supply of the average family and sells at a price everyone can afford. It has the lowest operating cost of any electric refrigerator ever made—consuming only about one-half the current used by most standard models.

5 YEARS PROTECTION

The new G-E Liftop is powered with the famous G-E sealed-in-steel mechanism—the same in principle as the world renowned G-E Monitor Top. It requires no attention, not even oiling. In addition to the standard 1 year warranty you can have 4 more

years protection against failure of this matchless mechanism for only \$7—5 years protection for only \$1.40 per year. G-E sealed-in-steel refrigerator mechanism has an unparalleled record for dependable, trouble free performance. Cabinet is all steel with gleaming white Glyptal enamel baked on the exterior. Food compartment is one-piece stainless porcelain. Quick freezing shelf is of stainless steel that cannot chip or rust.



COMPANION ELECTRIC RANGE AT \$72 PLUS FREIGHT

This new G-E Companion range, designed as a companion to the G-E Liftop refrigerator, gives you all the modern advantages of electric cookery. It is fully automatic and has ample capacity for a family of eight. The extra large oven readily accommodates a 15 lb. turkey, has three cooking speeds and precision temperature control.

For the G-E dealer nearest you see "Refrigeration Electric" in classified pages of your phone book. General Electric Co., Section C-91, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

ONLY \$4⁵⁰ PER MONTH

G-E Liftop is ideal for the average home, apartment, or summer cottage, office, recreation room or as an auxiliary refrigerator in larger homes. It holds all this food:

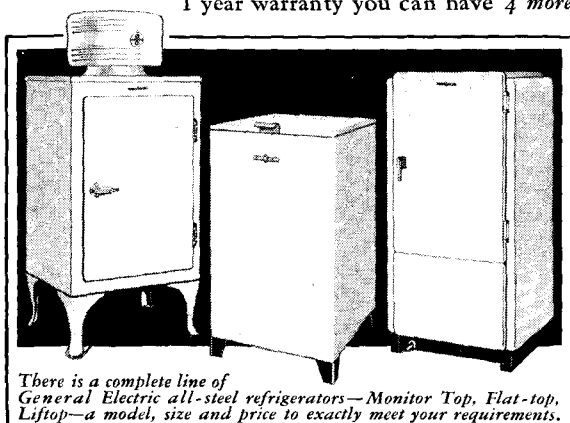
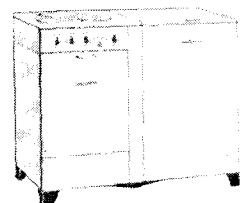
2 qts. milk	2 lbs. bacon	½ doz. oranges
2 ½ pts. cream	5 lbs. roast	1 jar salad dressing
1 doz. eggs	1 head lettuce	1 lb. lard
1 lb. butter	1 big cucumber	2 left-over containers
2 pkgs. cheese	2 lbs. tomatoes	1 qt. water bottle
2 cans fruit juice	1 bunch celery	2 quick freezing trays
1 bottle catsup	2 grape fruit	(20 ice cubes—
1 bottle cherries	2 lemons	2 lbs. of ice)

COMBINATION RANGE AND REFRIGERATOR

Both the G-E Liftop refrigerator and Companion range are designed for separate installation or as one combined unit.

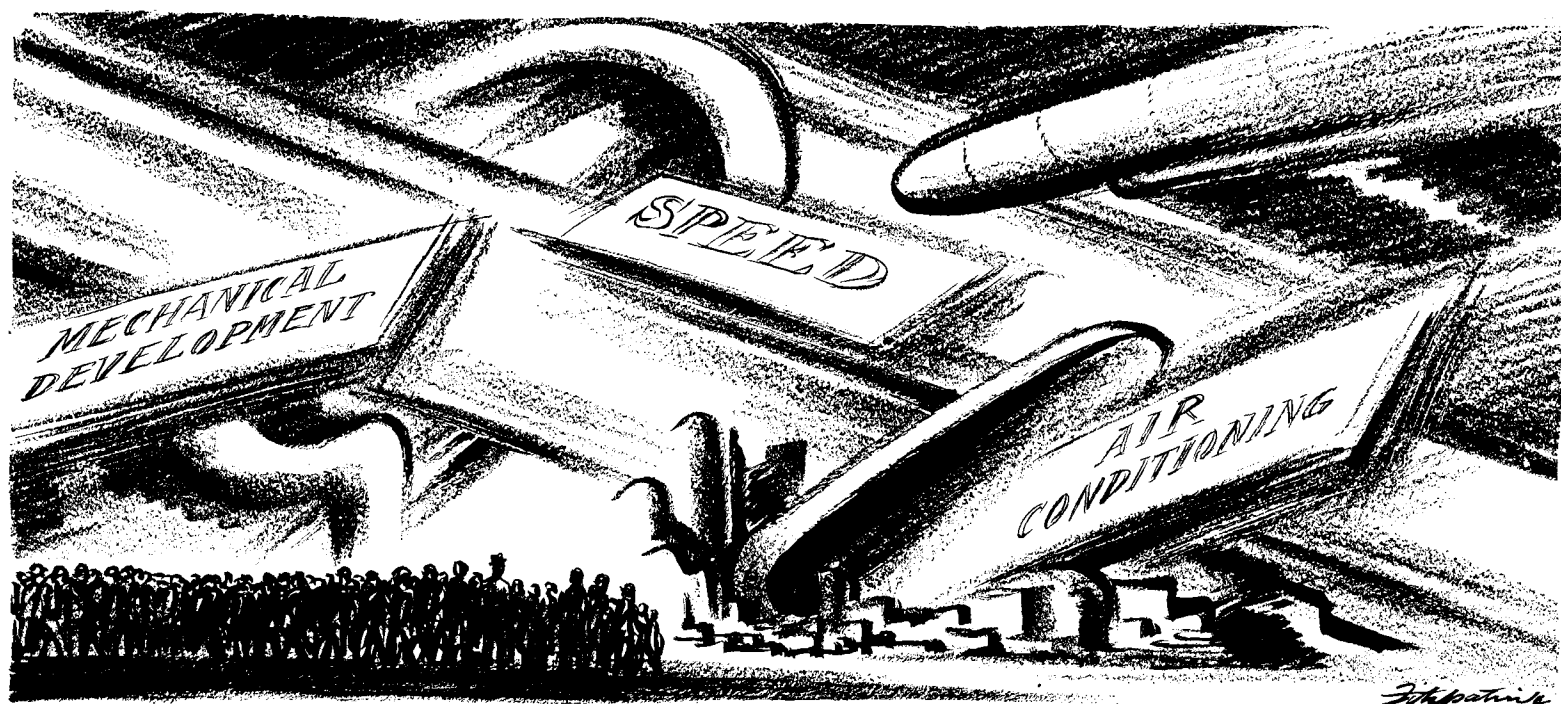
BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

\$142⁵⁰
 PLUS FREIGHT



There is a complete line of General Electric all-steel refrigerators—Monitor Top, Flat-top, Liftop—a model, size and price to exactly meet your requirements.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATORS



A Road Map to the Future

IF YOU want to get a clear idea of what is happening in this troubled world of ours, go to Chicago and see the Fair.

Nothing quite like it has ever been put together. It is, to use Henry Ford's terse phrase, a supreme attempt to show the "how" of industrial progress. During the next twenty-five years, and longer, we shall be influenced in our homes and in our work by what millions of us learned at Chicago.

It was possible a year ago to go to the Fair and come away talking only about the fan dance of a nudist and other Midway diversions intended to amuse and to shock good shock absorbers. It is not so easy this year to see only the Coney Island or street carnival features of this stirring project.

As a matter of record most of the millions who are attending the Fair are intelligently interested in the important exhibits.

The idea behind the Fair is simple and fundamental. It is to illustrate the dependence of modern development on scientific research. Its purpose is to show how human opportunity has increased and how scientists have made it possible for men to live better all over the world.

Of course the Fair does not try to answer all the questions which must be asked and answered in this era of social change. It does not offer any neat solutions for the problems on which Congresses and legislators are impelled to act. It does not profess to solve problems affecting labor or currency or taxes or any of the other immediate and pressing issues.

The Fair is much more fundamental. It attempts to show us how we get all the innumerable machines and utilities which make our way of life so essentially different from anything that our fathers or grandfathers dreamed of attaining.

Don't make the mistake of imagining that the hundred thousand people, more and less, who every day pay good money to

get into the Fair grounds miss anything available.

The exhibits attended by the largest numbers are frankly technical. The music which rightly attracts the largest audiences is played by the Chicago and the Detroit symphony orchestras. Seventy per cent of all who go into the grounds have been visiting the show arranged by one manufacturer. Half of all who enter go to the Hall of Science.

Not everybody understands everything upon which his eyes fall. But everybody who gives more than the most cursory attention gets a fresh and inspiring comprehension of the processes by which we are able to obtain the vast number of conveniences we use.

We see the simple steps of intricate processes repeated before our eyes. We see how power is obtained and applied. We get a sense of the boundless opportunities for further change and improvement. Fertile minds are stimulated.

During the years ahead inventors will be busier and possibly more fruitful than ever before. An event such as the Chicago Fair which in its way sums up the mechanical progress of a hundred years inevitably stimulates men to further activity and invention. Prodigious achievements beget further accomplishments.

As our national income is restored and increased, millions of American families are going to seek to lift their standard of living. Things seen at Chicago are desirable. Millions of women covet the glamorous household devices so brilliantly shown. Kitchens, bathrooms, houses themselves will unquestionably be improved and rebuilt. We are on the edge of a period of vast expansion, which will be directed toward applying the comfort and convenience already practicable.

One of the improvements which will be

immediately stimulated is air conditioning with temperature control. Millions of people have enjoyed the demonstrations of air conditioning machines at Chicago. If the money can be found, within a few years air conditioning will be as wide-spread as is furnace heating in winter.

We are also in for a vast development of speed in transportation. Millions of visitors to Chicago have seen the new railroad trains, motor cars and airplanes and have become imbued with the idea of the practicability of fast transport. Ten years hence we shall be able to date the period of the new speedy travel by the Chicago Fair. Millions of people have not examined streamlined trains for nothing.

Primarily the Fair is a scientific show but in various other ways it is stimulating our common desire for more civilized living.

Enormous numbers of people have a friendlier understanding and a clearer notion of the new architecture and modern ideas of furnishing. Few may build houses precisely after the more extreme models shown at Chicago, but many will be influenced.

We shall also be affected in our tastes and appreciations by the rich collections of pictures assembled at the Art Institute as a part of the Fair. There has probably never been a better opportunity to see what American artists have accomplished.

These are some of the things we carry away from Chicago. Of course there are other things to remember: circuses and sideshows, replicas of foreign villages, vaudevillians, parades and a dazzling use of light and color to create a night picture of an enchanted city. We shall remember that. We shall remember, also, that Chicagoans had the courage and the faith to conceive and accomplish this great venture during the dark days of anxiety. This, too, is fine and worth the price of admission.



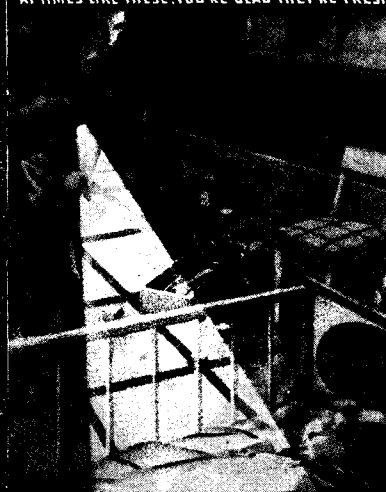
AT TIMES LIKE THESE YOU'RE GLAD THEY'RE FRESH



THEIR FLASHLIGHT ALONE GAVE LIGHT...lanterns and flares were exhausted as for ten hours a rescue party searched the woods for John Sullivan* who had become lost while out hunting. Still pressing on, with the aid of their flashlight, they finally found Sullivan... weak, but alive.

*Not his real name, although his real name was given in the coast-to-coast newspaper report.

AT TIMES LIKE THESE YOU'RE GLAD THEY'RE FRESH



WATCH YOUR STEP, EVEN AT HOME... the cry that will wake any mother should also remind her to reach for her flashlight if she would prevent barked shins... or worse, a broken leg or arm, from falling over a carelessly left toy.

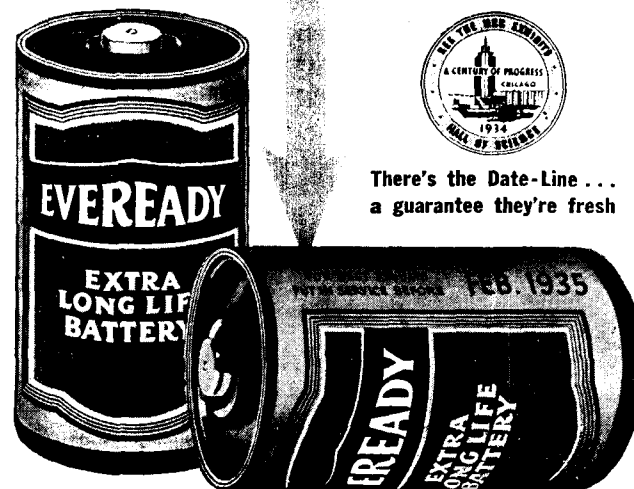
... that's a promise you can check by the "DATE-LINE"

ONE LOOK at the "Date-Line" on the Eveready Batteries you buy from your dealer tells you *they're fresh*. His stock of Evereadys sells so fast that none of these batteries goes stale on his shelves.

But, all-important as it is, *freshness* is only one of the fundamental advantages you get in Evereadys. Inside the thick zinc case is a "power-stabilizer." It's patented. It holds, in perfect alignment, a mix of six powerful light-making chemicals. And, keeping everything snug and ship-shape... sealing in freshness... guaranteeing long life... there's a metal top.

Small wonder that Evereadys are the world's largest selling batteries. They deserve to be, for hard work... 40 years of it... by chemical engineers is back of each Eveready. And so, whenever you buy an Eveready for your flashlight, your radio, or motor ignition, you can be sure that you're buying... packaged electricity at its freshest and best.

National Carbon Company, Inc., General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.





BILL CUMMINGS FOUGHT OFF a fast field of daring drivers for over 4½ exhausting hours of nerve-racking, record-breaking speed to take the 500-mile classic at the Indianapolis Speedway. Press wires flashed: "Cummings first requested a cigarette." It was a Camel! For Bill is a Camel smoker of twelve years' standing, and knows that smoking a Camel gives you a quick "snap-back" in energy!

TRY THIS EXPERIENCE!

You can increase your energy quickly when worn out

You can imagine the terrific output of energy a racing driver crowds into "the 500" at Indianapolis.

As Bill Cummings said himself after the race: "33 drivers started the Indianapolis Classic this year...scorching the bricks over that 2½-mile track. For 200 gruelling laps...nearly 5 hours of it...we kept up the blistering pace.

I had to average 104.863 miles an hour, the new world's record for 'the 500'...to win. You can bet that I felt pretty well played out at the end of the race. My mechanic and I turned to Camels for the first luxurious smoke that always chases that tired feeling away.

"Any time I'm 'all in' I know that Camels

will give me a 'lift' in energy. I smoke them steadily, too, because I know that Camels will never jangle healthy nerves."

This "energizing effect" in Camels, long recognized by Camel smokers, has recently been studied and confirmed by a famous research laboratory in New York. It is harmless, refreshing. You'll like Camels—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. You can "get a lift with a Camel" as often as you wish. Camels never get on your nerves.

**CAMEL'S
Costlier Tobaccos
never get on
your Nerves**



Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand

**"Get a LIFT
with a Camel!"**

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